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THE announcement that the General Education Board will open a "modern school" under the auspices of Teachers College is the best news in many a day. We are to have at last a thorough experiment station in which new methods of teaching and administration can be studied under the most expert scientific control which America possesses. There are ample funds, and no one who knows the temper of men like Mr. Flexner will for an instant question the utter disinterestedness, the exact and catholic spirit with which they will make the experiment. Nor is there any doubt that this is just the sort of trial which semi-private foundations are best fitted to conduct. They are instruments of test and demonstration. They ought not to control education, but they can open new paths for it. At present almost every public experiment is crippled by lack of money, tangled in petty politics, swathed in red tape, as the exasperating parochialism of New York's treatment of Mr. Wirt shows. The experiment has an air of spaciousness and of a freely working intelligence unlike most things in our clamorous national life.

THE New York *Times* labels the experiment of abandoning Latin and Greek in the new school as "radical and dangerous" in two columns of view-with-alarm. The gist of the complaint is (1) "There is a vast compelling force in $35,000,000, and (2) "Young men and women trained in this manner would be destitute of culture as a Hottentot." To which we reply in as cultured a manner as possible: "damnant quod non intelligunt"; "ab actu ad posse non valet consecutio"; that it ill becomes a great newspaper to be "difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti"; "gaudet tentamine virtus"; and that we wish to educate a people "nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri." Above all the New York *Times* is the last paper that ought to have as its motto "timeo Danaos et dona ferentes." To make the ideal ahead clear we add for the benefit of the editors and readers of the *Times* that

Τοῖς μὲν σώμασιν ἀλλοτριωτάτοις ὑπὲρ τῆς πόλεως χρῶνται,
τῇ δὲ γνώμῃ δικαιοτάτῃ εἰς τὸ πράττειν τι ὑπὲρ αὐτῆς.

No college graduate can possibly misunderstand us.

CONGRESS has achieved such a reputation that its expenditures must be "record-breaking" if they are to attract attention. A recent appropriation of $220,000, for increasing the salaries of private secretaries to representatives, was agreed to with little outside comment. It is the manner in which these government employees are paid, rather than the promised increase, that is interesting. At present they receive $1500 a year. This amount is not given to them directly, but is turned over to each representative in the form of a monthly check for $125. There is no public accounting of this sum, and no guaranty that the full amount ever reaches the secretary. If the representative who receives it is a member of an idle committee there is nothing to prevent him from appropriating the monthly check for himself, and using the committee secretaries for the

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sending out of seeds, the mailing of campaign circulars and the other ordinary duties of his office. If he has no such committee resources to draw upon, and no need for a secretary exclusively his own, he may at least save part of the amount by clubbing together with other passive congressmen in the use of a single secretary. The application of $220,000, which increases the salary of secretaries from $1500 to $2000 was enthusiastically agreed to—amid much talk of "enabling underpaid toilers to live in accordance with the standards of the twentieth century." The standards of the twentieth also suggest that the underpaid toilers are entitled to receive their government pay directly. Some of them will appreciate the recent show of solicitude on the part of their superiors. But the great body of them would be more cheered by the introduction of a new system of book-keeping.

ANYONE who is still seeking proof of the need for an executive budget in Congress has only to consider this portion of the debate when the public buildings bill was before the House:

> *Mr. Good.* Mr. Chairman, a parliamentary inquiry.
>
> *The Chairman.* The gentleman will state it.
>
> *Mr. Good.* This bill, I understand, makes authorization for a considerable sum of money. Is it out of order for a member in discussing an item to refer to the condition of the treasury or to the receipts of the government of the United States?
>
> *The Chairman.* Absolutely.

After this ruling the House proceeded to the next item on the bill, which provided a $40,000 post-office for Eminence, Kentucky (population 1,274).

TWO bills introduced since Congress reassembled after the holidays are unusual, not only because they carry no pension or public building appropriations, but because they suggest changes in the mechanism of the Congressional machine. One of the bills, introduced by Representative McArthur, designates new dates upon which Congress shall convene. Instead of two regular sessions Mr. McArthur suggests three: one to begin in March following election, the second in October of the same year, and the third in December a year later. Under the present system members do not take office until over a year after election, and the last session of each Congress is held after a new Congress has been chosen. During this period responsibility is at a minimum. The members already defeated care only about making a final grab for their constituents; those who have been reëlected are at the furthest possible distance from another election. The short session therefore winks at extravangance. Moreover, when the new members come in they have less than a year before facing a new test, and in the effort to impress their constituents favorably they drag in pension bills and public buildings appropriations with a vengeance. Mr. McArthur's division of time and dates of assembly may permit a difference of opinion, but the general aim of his bill is toward improvement.

THE most interesting suggestion of the other bill, introduced by Senator Cummins, is the proposal that the President sit with the Senate in executive session. Originally not only the President but the heads of the departments participated directly in the proceedings of Congress. Hamilton's great series of financial measures were addressed by him in person to the House of Representatives. He worked on the assumption that the departments bore the same relation to Congress that the ministers did to Parliament. But gradually Congress became jealous of the executive power. Legislative initiative on the part of the President or his Cabinet came to be regarded with suspicion and then with open opposition. At the present time the administration is compelled to submit its proposals for running the government to men either unqualified to pass on them, or, for party reasons, in direct opposition. The executive branch is prevented from defending the plans it has conceived, and not consulted in regard to those it must carry out. The most primitive relationship of corporate management is thus disregarded. Perhaps Senator Cummins has an eye to the restoration of the original and healthy coöperation of the two powers. Of one thing at least the country may feel sure: nothing hasty will be adopted. Both Mr. Cummins's resolution and Mr. McArthur's have been referred to committees from which only a miracle can resurrect them.

BOTH the Secretary and the Assistant Secretary of the Navy have come out strongly against the Phelan oil lands bill, which turns over a part of the naval oil reserves in California to private claimants who have alleged grievances. Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt has stated that if the bill is enacted the Navy Department will be forced to abandon the policy of building oil-burning ships and go back to a type known to be inferior. Senator Pittman and other western senators, on the other hand, have contended that the bill disposes of only a small portion of the naval reserves, and that the present high prices of gasoline demand that these California fields be opened to exploration. Many directly conflicting statements have

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been made, but the bill seems clearly aimed at the accomplishment of two purposes: the utilization of resources that now lie fallow, and the compensation of operators who claim to have suffered injustice. However, since the first purpose is to be accomplished only through the second, the whole point of the measure becomes the redressing of complaints. Clearly the only issue involved here is one of method. Undoubtedly there are, as there will be under any system of regulation, certain meritorious complainants who are in need of relief. The question is whether this relief shall be accorded by the introduction of a sweeping law which may open the door to claims conceived in fraud, or by bringing honest claims individually before Congress for such compensation as each claim demands.

WHEN the public buildings bill, loaded with pork, came up on the floor of the House a vain attempt at a filibuster was made by a few men who have stood out against community jobbing. As each item was proposed they would rise and move that it be struck from the bill. By the time Capital City, Kentucky, had been reached—with 2,500 people and a $30,000 post-office—the ire of the House was aroused. Representative Thomas, whose toes were now being trodden upon, arose and delivered one of the most naïve comments that have ever been made on the floor of the House. After a tribute to Capital City, he said:

> It seems to me it is time some gentlemen on the other side of the House were tumbling to themselves and should cease taking up the valuable time of this Congress in arguing about something that they know will do them no good at all. [Laughter.] If they want their constituents to hear them, let them put it in the Record and send it home. [Laughter.] Let them hire a horse and put some fellow on it and send it out to them. [Laughter and applause.] Now, gentlemen, I did not really want to say anything, but, of course, when you attack my town I have to reply. *I wish you people would stop talking and let us vote on this bill. It is going to pass. You recognize that fact. Why do you want to make all this noise?*

PATRIOTISM is sacred to the *Iron Trade Review*, a good friend of the Bethlehem Steel Company. The editor cannot conceal his indignation that the Secretary of the Navy should give an order for shells to a foreign company—no matter how low the bid. In a letter accompanying an advance copy of the protesting article, the editor writes: "I assure you that patriotic impulses govern us in this case. . . . It is highly humiliating to feel that under any conditions this great nation must depend upon a foreign country to furnish any part of its war supplies." But it is fortunate for the Bethlehem Steel Company that other nations have endured such humiliation. We infer that patriotism also inspires the Bethlehem Company to oppose the erection of a government shell plant. For in his letter the editor says: "Steel manufacturers have plenty of business without making shells"; and, in the article, he writes that they "are willing to stand probable losses through penalties for not meeting the rigid specifications." Making shells at a loss, asking the government to buy them at a loss, and insisting on this process not only by outlawing foreign competition but by saving the government the trouble of making its own shells—this is patriotism with a vengeance.

DR. CARY GRAYSON'S promotion to the position of Medical Director with the rank of Rear-Admiral exhibits the same indifference to sound administrative standards which has so frequently characterized Mr. Wilson's appointments. The President was granted the power of conferring special honor and remuneration upon a small number of navy surgeons expressly for the purpose of enabling him to distinguish and reward those members of the navy medical service who had attained exceptional scientific reputation and distinction. Dr. Grayson has done nothing to deserve such privileged treatment. The great majority of his associates will regard his promotion merely as a matter of personal favoritism—as an attempt by Mr. Wilson to reward personal service at the expense of one of the scientific departments of the government. For appointments of this kind do undoubtedly injure the morale of a scientific bureau, such as the navy's medical corps. In all such bureaus, a partly submerged struggle is usually taking place between the comparative incompetents, who want promotion to be determined exclusively by seniority, and the abler and harder working men who want to have exceptionally good work receive an exceptional recognition. A promotion such as that of Dr. Grayson's strengthens the case of the less able and ambitious men who wish to consider all quick advancement to be the result of favoritism, and it discourages the more able and ambitious men whose opportunity of exceptional recognition for exceptionally distinguished work is diminished. On any public ground it was clearly a mistake.

HOW to determine the economic value of an infant is merely one of the duties which make the position of a public health official uncomfortably similar to that of the three Fates. Mapping out a departmental program hasn't the dramatic force of cutting the thread of life, but that the effect is identical is what one gathers from a Russell Sage Foundation bulletin, called "Rela-

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tive Values in Public Health Work." Each year about 1,400,000 persons die in the United States, and probably a fourth or a third of these die from preventable causes. Health departments, however, are not told to reduce this percentage to the extent of their ability; they are instructed to proceed only to the extent of a very limited budget. Hence when administrative officials scan the field of prevention they have to consider the problem of relative values. Among other things this means estimating the worth of infants and assessing the usefulness of wage earners. Which group shall be allowed to have the lower death rate? Shall the checking of infant mortality be stressed, or ought the department to concentrate on anti-tuberculosis work? The government should be sufficiently interested in the conservation of citizens to provide health departments with funds ample enough to exclude the necessity of having to choose life for some and death for others.

THE chief feature of the recent meeting of the Association of American Professors in New York City was doubtless the unanimous adoption of the report of its committee on the recently promulgated plan of President Pritchett, changing radically the pension scheme of the Foundation. In the course of this report the following severe language is used: "The unfortunate financial history of the Foundation, the suggested change in its fundamental purpose under the guise of a change of rules relating to its administration, the defects and omissions in the proposed "Comprehensive Plan of Insurance," and the unconvincing character of the reasons which are urged for the change, have resulted in a loss of confidence in the Foundation on the part of American University teachers." The reference to the previous history, taken in connection with the ease with which changes of an abrupt character have been made in the past, suggests that the new plan, so definitely condemned, would also have slipped through had it not been for the organized inquiry and criticism which the existence of the Professors' Association made possible. As it now stands, it is understood that the original plan has been practically abandoned. The new commission which is considering the entire problem contains two official representatives of the Association of Professors. The number is small in comparison with the entire membership of the Commission, but in view of the extent to which the beneficiaries of the Foundation have been—with the exception of college presidents—studiously ignored in the past, it is as significant as are the changes in university constitutions which followed upon the action of the Association a year ago relative to academic tenure and dismissal.

America Speaks

EVERYONE who stops to visualize the machinery of the approaching peace congress is appalled at the intricacy of the negotiations which it will require. Nine Allies on one side, four on the other, a score of vitally interested neutrals, life, prosperity, liberty and security on four continents and the seven seas are involved. For the first time in history the negotiation is to be conducted not by a few men with autocratic powers but by envoys who must consider popular opinion. Obviously such a settlement cannot be made suddenly, without preparation, and without a world-wide background of ideas. The war came, it seemed, without warning; peace cannot come that way. It must come after a gradual lifting of the fog of war, after an uncovering and illumination in which some common understanding is created.

We have all of us to be educated through international discussion for the approaching peace. On December 18th the President, using the prestige of his office, gave great impulse to the discussion. He asked the warring powers to lay down their formulae of settlement and suggested that the United States would enter a league of nations for the organization of security. After a few days of misunderstanding, because he had used an unclear phrase, the note began to have its effect. The Central Powers answered curtly, and immediately lost whatever psychological advantage they had gained by the Chancellor's offer of peace. Their proposal of a blind negotiation, their dismissal of security as a secondary object, convinced the outer world that the offer was either insincere, or that they wanted merely German peace, or that their own public opinion was in such bad condition that it could not be dealt with openly. The nine Allies by their reply won a great advantage. They specifically put the organization of security first, made territorial claims contingent upon it, and proposed a formula which was ambiguous enough to permit of wide negotiation. Mr. Balfour in his supplementary note reëmphasized the point.

Now in accepting the idea of a league, the nine Allies not only made it necessary for Germany to make another move, they made it necessary for the United States to move again. They asked quite rightly what there was behind the President's offer of American aid. To be sure it was a plank in the Democratic platform and the Democrats won at the polls. The idea had been endorsed by Mr. Hughes, by Mr. Taft, and formerly by Mr. Roosevelt. It had wide non-partisan support. Still the peoples of Europe, faced by the immediate brutal fact of German aggression, knowing the traditional isolation of this country, were entitled

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to much greater assurance of American support.

It is this support which the President is now arousing. His address to the Senate on Monday is primarily a summons to the American nation to share the responsibilities of the peace. Mr. Wilson is asking his people to prepare themselves for the work which the world has begun to expect of them. It is the beginning of a popular campaign in this country designed to make it certain that when the time comes for a settlement of the war, America will be firm as to its purposes, unified in their support, and conscious of the responsibility. Mr. Wilson knows that he cannot ask the European Powers to clear up the ambiguity of their aims without at the same time clearing up the ambiguity of our own. Not only abroad but here too the fog must be cleared away. He had sent a note to Europe asking for a definition of objects. On Monday he addressed the Senate and began to define ours.

No one supposes that the work of definition is accomplished now or could be accomplished in one note or one address. The fog has lifted only a little; only a few big landmarks are as yet visible. Just as the reply of the Allies was merely a loose statement of principle, so is the President's address. But in essence it comes very close to the prime objects which the Allies have announced. We are as clear as the Allies; we both are clearer and more unanimous than the Germans. Not only has the President recognized Russia's claim to passage of the Dardanelles and Poland's claim to autonomy, he has set America against any attempt to annex occupied territory, and has recognized the justice of liberating peoples held in bondage. It is difficult to see how he could have gone further in accepting as American policy the liberal purposes of the Allied nations.

On one point he seems to us not altogether sound. The passage referring to the freedom of the seas appears to contradict the idea of a league to enforce peace. In an organized world freedom of the seas would certainly not exist for the aggressor. In fact the greatest weapon of the league would be the power to isolate and coerce the law-breaker. It would aim at an absolute blockade of the outlawed power. In time of peace freedom of the seas would of course have to exist, and it may be that the President was thinking of this. He may have meant that maritime discrimination should be prevented. Nevertheless there is a real possibility of confusion in the form of his statement. It does seem to imply a kind of Manchester laissez-faire of the seas, an unworkable and inconsistent idea. What is needed is an organization of the seas which will produce freedom in time of peace and complete blockade and siege against the aggressor in time of war.

The moment is not yet here when it is possible to conclude dogmatically upon all the difficult questions involved in the settlement. The discussion of the next few months will be concerned with them. For the moment the President is bent on creating an atmosphere of negotiation. In this effort he has had to say one thing which was not easy to say. He had to tell the world that America could not share in a settlement which was dictated by the victor to the vanquished. He had to say that only a peace negotiated in a spirit of give and take could be stable enough to justify America in assuming the risks he was proposing. In making that point he used a phrase which will hurt deeply many whose support is required. He said that it must be a peace without victory.

It was an idea that had to be expressed, costly as it may be. So long as the people of the world believe that a lasting peace can be secured by dictation rather than by negotiation, the world will be where it always has been, at the mercy of a teetering balance of power. Peace has never been secured in Europe by that method and never will be, and the Allied spokesmen have generally recognized this. They have told us that their object was to prevent Germany from winning anything by her aggression. They wanted her to go home with a sense of futility. They wanted to show that war does not pay, that nothing can be accomplished by it. The war will not end, and President Wilson, we take it, would not wish it to end, till that demonstration is complete. If the Germans think they are offering peace now because their armies are victorious, then the war will have to go on till the military situation changes.

But how long is it to go on after that? Is it to go on till the Allies can dictate a peace to a prostrate enemy? Are they to take the position that no peace is possible unless they have won an absolute decision in the field? Perhaps, but in that case Europe is likely to be so embittered with its sacrifices that any larger plan of security must fail. If Europe fights on in the belief that security can be had only by victory, then the foundation of a league will be shattered. It is likely to be the old peace which never lasted because it put all its faith in military power and ignored international organization.

The President has said that obviously we could not prevent Europeans from following this theory. The matter is in their hands. But if they did follow it, if they set their hearts on that rather than on a concert of power, America would not leave its isolation. A world organized on the creed of victory is a world in which America must arm to the teeth and pursue a purely national policy.

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Americans in the mass do not want to live in such a world, and they are preparing to do what they can to make it unnecessary.

Happily they have found a leader who can express that feeling nobly and eloquently, a man who knows his countrymen well enough to state the tremendous alternative before them. Organized security or armed isolation—that is the choice we have to make. The better choice takes courage, means risks and heavy responsibility. But the man would not be fit to live who failed to try it after the agony of these years. This thing must not be repeated if human power can prevent it. Our vitality, our strength and our potentialities are too great for the mere pursuit of our own interests. All that is valuable in our tradition cries out that we must not sit still in grudging isolation.

The President cannot succeed without the hearty support of the American people. With it he may succeed, and in that success he will have elevated the pride of American citizenship. It will be something to boast of that we have lived in a time when the world called us into partnership, and we went gladly, went remembering what we had always professed, and pledged ourselves to it in a larger theatre. At least it shall not be said that we were too selfish and too timid to attempt it, or that the sources of American idealism have run dry.

What the Adamson Law Is

SOLICITOR GENERAL DAVIS in opening the argument for the government in support of the Adamson act is reported to have "declared it regulates both hours of service and wages, and contended Congress has power to regulate both." Mr. Justice Day is reported as asking the Solicitor General, "Do you claim the same power in fixing wages as in fixing rates?" to which Mr. Davis is reported as replying, "We do."

If the government has conceded that the Adamson law is a regulation of the hours of labor and a wage-raising act simply—as if it read that for eight months after January 1st railroad employees engaged in interstate commerce should not work more than eight hours and should for such workday receive an advance of 20 per cent in wages—the legal defense of the act has been needlessly complicated.

Plainly the act is not an hours-of-labor statute. It does not restrict the number of hours that railway employees shall labor. Nor is the act a wage-raising law simply. A fair analysis shows it to be an act requiring an experiment to obtain information, which is to be made public through a commission, for the use of employees, railway managers, the government and the public; so that the results may be persuasive in bringing to an agreement that party to a threatened strike whose position is proved to be untenable.

A general transportation strike was threatened. No one knew what the merits of the controversy were. Apparently the subject matter of the dispute was so intricate that the legislature was at least entitled to assume that no one could know, without some actual experiment being made. The act on its face merely provides for an experiment. In laying down the eight-hour day as measure of a day's pay, and requiring that wages be not reduced, the act determined the general outlines of the experiment. The act then provided for the appointment of a commission to report upon the results of the experiment within a reasonable and appropriate time—not less than six, nor more than nine months after the act takes effect. Thirty days after the report is rendered by the commission, the provision prohibiting a reduction in wages comes to an end. The railroads may then reduce wages as they please. The employees may strike. But all parties will have the commission's report for advisory purposes. The form and operation of the act is consistent only with the theory of an experiment. It provides for an actual trial, the results of which will be to supply indispensable information to the contestants and to the public.

It will no doubt be argued that if the act merely directed an experiment, why require the wages at the old rate to be paid over to the employees? Why not merely hold up the wages and have them paid at a future time, if the commission so ordered? There are several objections to such a plan. It would have provoked the charge that the act was in fact a wage-fixing statute, pure and simple, because it would have provided, *after* the experiment had been made, for the payment over of the higher wage. If the money were not actually paid over at any time the experiment would have lacked reality. It would have been a mere matter of keeping books, and therefore the incidental changes which the payment of the higher wage would tend to produce, might be lacking. The wages which the experiment calls for are to be actually paid over, not at all because the legislature is fixing wages, or claiming to exercise any such power, but solely because this step is necessary in order to see the experiment through and to make it real.

It may be urged that it would have been fairer for the public to pay the cost of the experiment, or at least to have required the interstate commerce commission to raise rates in order to reimburse the railways. Perhaps. But Congress undertook to say that the cost of this experiment (except that of the commission and its incidental expenses)

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should be borne by the railways themselves. The court cannot say that the cost of such an experiment was improperly thrown upon the railroad. Once concede that placing the cost of the experiment upon the railroads is not confiscatory, and that such an experiment is a proper subject of legislation, so that the act may itself be "due process," then throwing this cost on the railroads is not different from placing on the railroads the cost of new safety appliances, the cost of new methods of keeping accounts, and the cost of many other regulations, the validity of which has been sustained. The railroad is protected, as far as it can be by the courts, through the rule that the cost of the experiment shall not be confiscatory.

To the Congress of Constructive Patriotism

SOME will ask why you felt the need of putting the word "constructive" in front of the word "patriotism." They will ask to know why patriotism needs any qualifying adjective. You will answer that here as in so many other places the corruption of the best things has often produced the worst, that patriotism has been the mask of the jingo, the jobber, and the reactionary, that it is only too often used to befuddle the mind, to conceal aggression, to serve partisanship. You will say you recognize that the word has of late been prostituted meanly, that in the minds of many it has become a substitute for honest thinking. You will insist that you had to distinguish your purposes somehow, and this is then your excuse for qualifying a high-sounding word. You did not wish to be confused with those who hope to swagger across the face of the globe, nor with those who are accustomed to describe a sordid quest of commercial monopolies as national honor, nor with those who dream of empire, nor with those who foment international discord for journalistic or partisan or business ends, nor with those who would turn America's military needs into a chance to drill the population for an automatic obedience.

You have come together recognizing that it is the very depth of folly to arm a nation without clarifying its foreign policy. You recognize that a sound diplomacy is the essence of national preparedness, that a nation which does not know what are its purposes, its rights and its duties in respect to other Powers can buy guns and train soldiers, but cannot possibly regard itself as ready. You know only too well that armament without candid public statement of purposes merely frightens other nations into increasing their armaments. You know that great navies and great armies do not in themselves make for security. Germany has taught you that. She has shown the world that the preparation of a superb military machine brought into existence a grand alliance against her, a coalition of those who feared her power because they mistrusted her purposes.

You are not under the illusion that we can repeat her experience without in the end paying the same penalty. That is why you are assembled in Washington. You have come to formulate a foreign policy which will justify to the American people and to the western world the heavy increase of military force which most of us advocate. That is what you mean by the word "constructive."

But it is not all that you mean. You have learned the other lesson of the European war: that a nation split into hostile classes, undisciplined, badly educated, led by conventionally minded men, is a weak nation, whatever its numbers or its wealth. Therefore you will earnestly set to work drawing plans for the sincere nationalization of American industry, radical improvement in education, and the promotion of scientific research. As constructive patriots you will be as ready to conscript wealth as men. You will plan largely and fearlessly in spite of prejudice, tradition, group selfishness, and private interest. You will insist not only that the young must be trained, the newly arrived assimilated, but that the middle-aged and elderly who direct business and government and all our institutions, shall enlarge their understanding, think more clearly, face facts more courageously, and alter their habits more readily. You would not have come together did you not know that the long years of slack and dull leadership must end. If you were not prepared to make great sacrifices as well as to ask them of others, you would not have assembled.

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The Problem of Northcliffe

LET an American imagine that New York is not only the largest city in the Union, but that it is also the seat of the national government; and that the government has absorbed to itself most of the functions now exercised by the governments of the states, so that state politics have ceased to have any real interest or importance, even in the states themselves. Let him imagine further that participation in the politics of this centralized government is a mark of social distinction, so that politics are largely in the hands of the socially prominent, and the city is also the country's artistic and literary center—in short, the only capital that counts. Let him imagine further that this centralized government holds office, not for fixed periods, but at the pleasure of a legislature split into five or six distinct groups; that the legislature itself is not elected immovably for fixed periods but may by the fortunes of politics find itself confronted at any moment by a general election, or by a by-election which may affect party fortunes; may, in other words, find itself at the mercy of the popular feeling of the moment.

Then let the American's already overtaxed imagination conceive that New York can be reached from the remotest corner of the Union in a few hours, so that newspapers of the capital can appear almost simultaneously in Boston, Washington, Baltimore, New Orleans, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Denver, Omaha, Los Angeles, and San Francisco—which cities, having no state or local politics that matter, would be mainly interested in those of New York. Then let him imagine that of these New York papers, the *Times,* the *World,* the *Tribune,* the *American* and *Journal,* together with a score of weeklies like *Collier's* or the *Saturday Evening Post,* domestic publications like *The Ladies' Home Journal* and a few monthly magazines, amounting to some sixty publications, were all, together with forest and paper mills for their manufacture, owned by one large trust, so entrenched by its vast capital resources and its facilities for economical and reciprocal publicity as to be able instantly to steam-roller any real competition; and, finally, that the controlling shareholder of this trust is also its active head, a man combining unusual administrative capacity and relentless energy with an incomparable genius for the understanding of the popular state of mind. The American who can in imagination grasp all those various factors will understand something of the influence exercised by Alfred Harmsworth, first Baron Northcliffe, in English opinion and politics.

I have, of course, for purposes of clarity exaggerated somewhat the contrast of conditions. It is obvious, for instance, that Manchester and Edinburgh are in some degree centers of intellectual and political life offsetting the influence of London. But the general truth of the contrast remains. The problem of Northcliffe is the problem of capitalistic industry with its tendency to centralization and combination applied to newspaper production. I have put the case in this way because the American who thinks of it in terms of existing American conditions will not realize its gravity in England. The conditions I have just described are found in any other great country to a lesser degree, but in England they are very acute. Yet the decisions which they will affect do not concern England alone; for the political decisions of England, by reason of her historical, geographical, and economical circumstances, affect the whole world. They will necessarily determine in large part the course of the Allied Powers during the next few years, and so the character of western civilization for, it may be, generations. If, as someone has said, " no man nor government can hold office, nor policy succeed in England save by the grace of Lord Northcliffe," can that individual determine by his personal will the future of western civilization?

The question receives commonly two answers in England; both, in my view, dangerously false and misleading. The first is to the effect—and this was until a year or two since the almost universal one—that the influence of the Northcliffe press is far more apparent than real. That what it does is intelligently to anticipate what in any case will take place—the German war, conscription, or what not—advocate it, and then appropriate the credit for having brought it about; that as its influence depends upon faithfully reflecting public opinion it cannot lead or control it; that, like a barometer, it registers the weather and has no part in determining it. The opposed school is typified by those whose one suggestion for the maintenance or making of peace, for the success of a league of nations, for the improvement of relations with America or what not is " the conversion of Northcliffe." If Northcliffe would but will it, the aspirations of mankind throughout the ages would at last be realized. English reformers and friends of peace have on many occasions plaintively urged this upon the present writer.

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As to the first of these views—that Lord Northcliffe's influence does not really count—it is voiced most energetically perhaps by those whose beliefs on concrete political and public affairs have been most largely—though unconsciously—determined by just the forces they belittle. I have known an English householder talk most contemptuously of "this Harmsworth fellow and his half-penny sensations" and become indignant at the notion that he could be influenced in his opinions thereby; and yet reveal, on cross-examination, that practically every piece of printed matter that came into his home (and was ever read) came from just that despised source. "But I don't take my opinions from the papers; I never read their leading articles." I led him on to expressions of opinion concerning the government of the day, its merits and demerits, his estimate of the persons that compose it, of the character of other nations, his notions of fiscal policy, of national education, of the country's past and future foreign policy, and so on. Every opinion he expressed responded accurately to just that distribution of emphasis in the news of our time which marks the Northcliffe press. Given the facts as this householder conceived them, he could come to no other opinion; and those facts —one group of them stressed day after day and another group intrinsically as important quietly hidden away in corners—were presented as Lord Northcliffe had decreed they should be presented. I tested my householder as to his knowledge of some essentials. Did he know of such and such action by such and such foreign government? Of such and such a statement in Parliament? Of the result of such and such official inquiry? He did not; it was not intended that he should. His estimate of such and such a public man was formed of headline or paragraph summaries made by hostile journalists of parliamentary speeches. My householder's vague impression that a certain public man had a great future was due in reality to hearing the women of the family talk so much about him: and that was due to the frequency with which pictures of the said public man's babies, held lovingly by their saintly mother, appeared in *The Weekly Home Comforter* or some other publication which combines the overt distribution of paper patterns with successfully concealed promotion of certain political causes.

Obviously what England thinks is largely controlled by one man; not by the direct expression of any opinion of his own but by controlling the distribution of emphasis in the telling of facts, so stressing one group of them day after day and keeping another group in the background as to make a given conclusion inevitable. And this, it will be said, justifies those who maintain that Northcliffe does in fact control the mind and opinion of his nation, and that he can by that means direct its policies and destiny.

Well, dangerous as that personal power undoubtedly in certain circumstances may be, I do not believe that it is by any means the most dangerous element in those English conditions I have described. For there are very definite limits to it; and it is precisely in the nature of those limits that we shall find a hint of a far greater danger.

Let us see first just how the power of a newspaper corporation is limited, in, say the matter of peace and war. Assume, for the sake of illustration, that the growth of militarism in Germany, of the party of aggression, during the last ten or fifteen years would have been checked, and liberal and internationalist tendencies developed in that country if England had devised an acceptable plan by which Germany had been guaranteed real equality of economic opportunity in the undeveloped areas of the world—in Egypt, Morocco, and the rest of Africa—and a real economic right of way through to the Near East. Suppose this plan to be so far-reaching that it would be patent to the German people as a whole that they were in no way encircled, or menaced in their economic interest, or excluded from opportunities equal to those of other great peoples. Let us assume that England had been prepared to internationalize her own imperially governed territory and to use her influence with France to secure the application of a similar policy in French Africa.

Now, if the head of a great newspaper combination had believed that along some such lines as these peace and the gradual liberalization of German policy would have been secured, could he have used his power for the promotion of that policy? To ask of the English people some surrender of sovereignty in their imperially governed territories —which would have been necessary to make such a policy successful—would have run counter to firmly established notions of national right and dignity; it would have made many Englishmen uncomfortable and disturbed, and the whole thing would have been very easily capable of misrepresentation. The first thought and natural impulse of a proud and imperially-minded people would have been all against it, a fact which would certainly not have been lost upon the trade rivals of this supposititious newspaper proprietor. Those rivals—if they had been at all technically efficient —would have been able to secure a popular reaction to appeals to old-established conceptions and prejudices, to impulse, and passion, long before any large response could have been provoked by appeals to second thoughts and rationally justified policies. These rivals would, moreover, have

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found capital and advertising among the special groups menaced by the proposed new policy. Had Lord Northcliffe adopted such a line fifteen years ago, he would not now be Lord Northcliffe. Had his been the sort of mind to be attracted to such a policy it would not be the sort that is predominantly popular—"the common mind to an uncommon degree." If, when he first entered journalism—some years before the Boer War—he had left to others the task of giving expression to all those widespread impulses and feelings that lie near the surface of our nature, and had exploited rather the much more slowly aroused sentiment of rationality, some other proprietor would have entered the neglected field; and the control of big circulations—and national destinies—would now be in other hands. Where, as between two policies, the instinctive motives of conduct are pretty evenly balanced, the power of an individual in Lord Northcliffe's position is of course decisive. But in those situations a small power may be decisive.

Where Lord Northcliffe may seem for a time to maintain a policy which runs counter to popular clamor of the moment—as when the *Daily Mail* was burned in the Stock Exchange because of its persistent attacks on Kitchener at the time of the shell shortage—it merely means that he knows what the public wants better than the public knows. He knew that their desire for victory was sufficiently near the surface, sufficiently formulated and overwhelming, for them to digest anything which he could show to be necessary for that purpose. And his rivals, in disparaging the line he took, showed themselves (since they too supported the war "to the bitter end") his inferiors both in patriotism and in real understanding of the popular mind.

In this matter of the shell shortage particularly, as in most of the other campaigns which he has conducted, the abuse which has in the past been leveled at Northcliffe is as silly and ignorant as the disparagement of his influence. It is of the essence of his success that his social and political ideals should be the common and accepted ones of his time. Until the war the Northcliffe press had no particular politics and was perhaps on the whole the most impartial in England. It admitted, in the form of signed articles, an expression of views hostile to its own to a degree that the papers who were so ready to gird at it could not boast. If, since the war, Lord Northcliffe has so selected daily facts as to tell in favor of his country's cause and against the enemy's; to maintain by hate and anger the country's fighting temper; to discredit views which might abate that temper, and persons who do not share it, he has ample justification in the example of the country's government and ordinarily accepted standards of patriotism.

The real problem of Northcliffe is not in a person but in social, psychological, and industrial conditions. If it had not been Northcliffe, it would have been someone else whose personality would have swayed, within the range of the limits I have indicated, the national action of his time. The fact which ought to disquiet us is the nature of those limits. They reveal—as in the instance I have chosen—the operation of a psychological Gresham law. Just as in commerce debased coin, if there be enough of it, must drive out the sterling, so in the contest of motives, action which responds to the more primitive feelings and impulses, first thoughts, established prejudice, can be stimulated by the modern newspaper far more easily than action which is prompted by rationalized second thought. Any newspaper appealing to the former group of motives must "get away with it" long before that which appeals to the second can establish its case. And this premium upon the more dangerous type of action, modern conditions of industry and finance tend to increase.

When Swift wrote his pamphlet "The Conduct of the Allies" he presented a point of view contrary to the accepted one and profoundly affected his country's opinion and policy. Yet at most he circulated ten thousand copies. It was printed, I believe, at his own expense. Any printer in a back street could have furnished all the material capital necessary for reaching effectively the whole reading public of the nation. To-day, for an unfamiliar opinion to gain headway as against accepted opinion, the mere mechanical equipment of propaganda would be beyond the resources of any ordinary individual. A newspaper—the only effective medium for pamphleteering in our day—is an important industrial undertaking, demanding grave financial risks which the ordinary capitalist will not face unless he is pretty sure of popular support. No newspaper can be financially successful as against well established rivals if it champions unpopular opinions.

This means in practice the stereotyping of all those social and political conceptions in which easily aroused passion and feeling are involved, those conceptions rooted, not necessarily in the deepest instincts, but in the most easily awakened. The net result of the process I have sketched is a temperamental and moral conservatism, a reversion to primitive instinct, and the sloughing of the more lately acquired social qualities. That may seem a strange statement when we remember that England has for the purposes of the war made overnight changes in the direction of state socialism which in time of peace half a century of agitation could not have produced. But the temperamental

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and moral foundations of those policies are not new; they are as old as the tribal grouping of mankind—which, you will kindly note, does not happen to have sufficed for our social needs. The ready submission to authority, the submergence of the individual in the group, an intense gregariousness that will tolerate no individualism of thought or ideal, the determination to secure the victory of our group over rival groups, are among the instinctive foundations not only of the ancient tribe but of feudalism—and of the modern German state. It is not a mere political accident that the introduction of those "revolutionary" measures of wartime England have synchronized with the accession to power of the most reactionary and conservative type of statesman—the Milners, Curzons, Carsons.

The result of applying the tribal conception to a world of closely knit nations is shown by the present condition of Europe. It needs revision. But every attempt at revision will encounter somewhere the primitive tribal instinct or passion. All revision of conception, in any field in the past, has been the work of small minorities, of individual minds: a few heretics, encyclopedists or pamphleteers able to reach other minds for a sufficient length of time to break down the first prejudice. But that influence of the individual mind maintaining a heresy, the modern press, by virtue of the psychological Gresham law acting in the particular economic and industrial conditions of our time I have indicated, tends to destroy. If the feudalisms, autocracies, dynasties, and inquisitions of the past had possessed the modern mechanical press operating in closely packed populations whose industrial occupations demanded most of their mental energy, that control of the mind by which alone the old tyrannies were made possible (a tiny governing minority did not impose its will upon the vast majority by virtue of superior physical force) would have been maintained for all time. The modern press is likely to make our conceptions of the state, nationalism, individual right, international obligation and institutions that depend thereon all but impossible of reform.

The forces I am indicating are not merely concerned with the mechanical control of ideas. They transform the national temperament. The constant stimulus to passion and the herd instinct which the necessity of finding an appeal that shall be wider and more successful than that of a rival newspaper concern, the consequent violent-mindedness of the public, the impossibility for an unpopular view to obtain adequate expression, all end by destroying the capacity of weighing a contrary opinion by which alone thought on public issues is possible. The process by which the governmental changes of the last two years have been brought about in England can only be described as moral lynchings. In 1915 the public man who criticized Sir Edward Grey could count upon being driven from public life; in 1916 those who supported him were so driven. The patriot of January becomes the pro-German of June. Diametrically contrary opinions are advocated within six months of one another with the same violence, and the short-memoried public, impulsive, unreflective, follows the hue and cry in both cases. The condition of the past which produced a political Englishman who was impervious to public clamor, stubborn in the maintenance of his individual opinion, yet tolerant of opposed views, has disappeared. Everyone now seems to go in positive terror of the "lynch press." I heard only the other day of a highly placed officer who was withdrawn the day his command went into important action because the authorities feared that his German-sounding name would provoke attack by the "anti-Hun" papers if the operation failed! The effect of his sudden withdrawal was gross confusion and muddle.

At the present moment in England an observer finds this extraordinary situation: the private expression on almost every hand of opinions that find no public expression whatever. Thus "public opinion" does not reflect real opinion. I have before me as I write letters from English public men lamenting the unwisdom of England's attitude towards America and Mr. Wilson's policy of the last few months. "But we must wait until public opinion is more favorable before taking any step." Yet if all were to speak their private opinion the public opinion of which they complain would be a vastly different thing. The failure to make this needed moral contribution to the collective mind causes that mind to be shaped by its worst elements. Those who shirk their civic duty cannot complain if they, too, finally are the victims of the lynch temper which they have done nothing to check.

It is true that in the terms of the problem, as I have stated it, the expression of momentarily unpopular opinion would be made at great disadvantage; but the balance would turn in favor of sanity if all did their civic duty in this respect. "The ultimate foundation of every state," says Seeley, "is a way of thinking." And though I am offering no solution to this problem, it is certain that any solution must include this moral contribution of each man's unpopular opinion. If that is shirked, the way of thinking upon which in the last resort we must depend will be a disastrous way.

NORMAN ANGELL.

London.

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The Eastern Question

THE events of 1916 have turned the war into one for the settlement of that "eastern question" which has produced so many wars and treaties and projects, from the days of Shalmaneser and Alexander and Pompey to those of Palmerston and Disraeli and Naumann. In 1917 the critical fighting may take place on the Somme or the Meuse, in the North Sea or on the Atlantic trade routes, but, now that Germany has abandoned those schemes of western annexation which seemed feasible in 1914, victory or defeat will mean for her the settlement of the eastern question according to her desires or those of the Allies.

Mr. Wilson hopes to bring about peace by negotiation. But before even a temporary peace can be made, he or someone else must be able to suggest some solution of the eastern question which will seem better to the belligerents than three more years of fighting; and before a permanent peace can be secured a solution must be found which will work well enough in practice to prevent any Power or group of Powers from attempting to upset it by another world war. Such a solution can only be contrived by men who see the eastern question in relation to a general humanitarian world policy; and if America is to take a leading part in the negotiations which she has invited, Americans must be prepared to do their fair share of the brain-work necessary for the formation of that world policy.

When a humanitarian looks at the world map he sees it, perhaps, first as the colored outlines of states inhabited by seventeen hundred millions of human beings, about half of whom live under the domination of alien governments and would be happier and better if they lived under governments which they felt to be their own. Byron in 1823 saw the eastern question solely in that light, and Mr. Seton-Watson sees it mainly in that light to-day. Or a humanitarian may (like Mr. Walter Lippmann in his "Stakes of Diplomacy") see the map as a picture of fifty million square miles of land, with mines and oil-fields and fertile plains scattered about it. The richest regions are sometimes in the hands of the weaker peoples, and the stronger peoples are now destroying each other in an attempt to take and monopolize them. Another humanitarian may see the map as the breeding places of the various human varieties, and world politics as the problem of the encouragement of or prevention of the pure or mixed breeding of particular races in particular areas, — the Chinese in Manchuria or California, the Japanese in the Pacific Islands or North Australia, the Jews, Hindoos, Germans or Arabs in Mesopotamia. Or, finally, a humanitarian may see the map as a maze of paths, along which, by road or rail, or river or sea, goods and travelers can be carried.

All these conceptions are necessary in any attempt to view the eastern question in the light of a world policy; but at this moment it is the last which is by far the most important. If one looks at the great Afro-Eurasian continent which occupies nearly all the northern half of the eastern hemisphere, one notices that effective land-communication from west to east was, until the making of the Siberian railway, confined to a narrow strip of territory (Asia Minor and Mesopotamia) about four hundred miles wide and fourteen hundred miles long. This strip is bounded on the north by the Black Sea, the Caucasus, and the Caspian Sea, and on the South by the Mediterranean, the Arabian desert, and the Persian Gulf. It all belongs to Turkey, and with Constantinople and Adrianople is all that remains of the Turkish Empire.

A history of civilization might be written, showing in each century how vitally important it has been whether that strip has been open for land-communication or not. The growth of the world's commerce and art and philosophy has depended largely on the question whether caravans from Tarsus or Tyre or Cæsarea could cross into Persia, or barges could be floated safely down the Euphrates or Tigris; and whether Phoenician or Greco-Roman or Frankish traders and artists and missionaries could go east, or Indian and Chinese traders and sages and ambassadors could come west. It has been a heavy misfortune for the world that the frontier has been so often closed, and particularly that, since the Turks conquered Asia Minor in the eleventh century, peaceful passage across what is in effect an east-western isthmus has been almost impossible.

Since the Turkish occupation this narrow frontier has indeed been turned, from the south by the discovery of the ocean route round Africa, by the European occupation of Egypt, and by the digging of the Suez Canal, and from the north by the Siberian railway. It is now being turned from the west by the Panama Canal and the development of Pacific trade. But the rapidly increasing efficiency—which the war has emphasized—of rail transport as compared to sea transport and

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the enormous superiority in rail transport of the shorter over the longer line, has increased in every decade of recent history the potential importance for world traffic of the older and shorter land route from Europe to India.

The eastern question has become therefore a railway question—the problem of securing safe and cheap railway traffic, available for the traders and travelers of all nations, from Constantinople as the railhead of the European systems to Bagdad as the meeting place of the Asiatic rail systems. The present reopening of this problem means the resumption of the technical and political discussions which, before the war, were going on between Germany and Britain as to the Bagdad railway and between Russia and Britain as to the Persian railways. But if the problem is treated as one of world policy the discussion must involve not merely the binational interests of Britain and Germany or Britain and Russia, but the international, or rather the connational, interests of all the commercial and progressive powers.

Difficulties in such a discussion present themselves at once. The east-west land route is crossed at the Dardanelles by the only sea passage from northeastern Europe to the Mediterranean. Both groups of belligerents have apparently promised their members territorial extensions which it will not be easy to reconcile with the policy of an "open railway door" to the East. Railways, again, have strategical as well as commercial values. They must carry local as well as distant traffic, and must run over land and across rivers which, according to our accepted ideas, must belong to particular states. Railways must earn revenues and be subject to tariffs and taxation. It is not easy to distinguish between the traveler and the unit in a possibly undesired racial migration.

But given goodwill and the effort of invention none of these difficulties ought to be beyond the possibility of human solution. A high-level bridge could carry land traffic over sea traffic at the Bosphorus. Of a six-track line to Bagdad (to be planned from the beginning and gradually completed), two tracks could be confined to long haulage, two to short haulage, and two be used for both. A committee of railway managers, with a couple of officials accustomed to manage the Postal Union, could contrive a system of transportation in bond, and an international clearing house for freights. The American banks could initiate the international financial steps necessary for construction.

There would remain the tremendous problems of the position of a connational railway during war, and the old and new territorial, racial and religious problems of the Levant. Without the formation of a conscious world policy those problems are, I believe, insoluble, with such a policy they can, I believe, be arranged. Mr. Wilson is a man of real humanitarian outlook and real imagination. America as a whole is striving to attain a new world vision of world problems. One recognizes in the modern leaders of American finance a real desire to make their tremendous powers serve the needs of humanity. American universities are turning out a fresh and vigorous crop of geographers and transport engineers and historians and international lawyers. Many Americans are tortured with a feeling that they have failed to find a worthy task for themselves in the present crisis. Will not some of them apply to the eastern question the steady unbribed toil of inquiry and invention? Without that toil no organized peace can be contrived; and no other but an organized peace is now possible for the children of men upon this little globe.

GRAHAM WALLAS.

After a Jubilee

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY of New York, which celebrated its Jubilee last week, was founded seventy-five years ago in challenge to the philistinism and musical charlatanry of the time. The men who formed it were not content with the average and commonplace culture of their day. When they created their orchestra, they called into being a musical propaganda. They desired earnestly to lead to the love of music excellent in quality, excellently performed, a public still undirected in taste and victimized by the pseudo-artists dumped from Europe on the American shore. The society they formed was their agent. It was a successful one. It shaped and educated the musical taste of the adolescent city. It was both standard and incentive. More than any other organization, it persuaded a public not quite convinced that "the performance and enjoyment of music, when it is not associated with words, action, and scenery, must be *allowed* to be purely innocent and harmless" to the cultivation of what is best in the art. And, during the greater portion of its existence, the Philharmonic has remained expressive of the impulse of its founders. During the dreary American middle-ages, during the crude epoch of reconstruction, it continued its leavening. It was both active and fecund, a real cultural agent. Up to a few decades ago, it remained the propaganda.

Jubilations are dangerous things. They heighten contrasts. The very gold and applause may call up unbidden thoughts. So it has been with the

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Philharmonic's festival. In recalling its brave origin, its honorable record, the society has inadvertently reminded us to what extent it has departed from its original intention. In fact, the organization as we know it to-day appears a changeling. Formed by men eager to induce their enthusiasm within the community, to quicken and to impregnate its intellectual existence, it has subsided into a very passive affair indeed. One cannot escape the suggestion that the impulse of the founders has become spent. Especially since its direction has been confided to Mr. Josef Stransky, the Philharmonic has flattened out into an organization of no purpose except to supply a city, already overwhelmed in music, with a vast quantity of concerts distinguished neither in conception nor in execution. It no longer wars upon the prevailing taste. It has come to represent it. Further, it has become reactionary. It is indifferent alike to the salient, important music of the twentieth century, and to the forgotten music of the eighteenth century. It will not venture and explore and reclaim. It clings with a stupid obstinacy to the very music with which the public is surfeited. For, like those men of whom Arnold speaks, the Philharmonic, too, "will not up out of the dirty straw of its intellectual opinions."

The names that appear most frequently on its programs are those of Tchaikowsky, Liszt, Beethoven, Dvořák, Wagner, Smetana and Goldmark. There are all-Tchaikowsky concerts, all-Beethoven concerts, all-Wagner concerts—huge collops of music. In fact, there reigns over most of its program-making the atmosphere of a large and conventional Sunday dinner served amid black walnut furniture and plush draperies. If one deplores this fixation on the romanticists, it is without reference to the intrinsic value of their music. Were the music of Liszt, Wagner, Tchaikowsky and their contemporaries uniformly excellent, as most decidedly it is not, the Philharmonic would still be unwarranted in its inertia. For its preference for the music of these gentlemen is in the last analysis but thinly veiled hostility to progress, an imposition of the old and the outworn on a public ready for its proper art. The Philharmonic will have none of the new. If there is a clamor for novelties, the society understands erroneously that the public craves more music in the romantic style. And so it sets the amiable Mr. Stransky to disembalming dead symphonies by Saint-Saens and Dvořák and Gade. It sets him to exhuming defunct tone-poems by Liszt and Smetana and the early Strauss. Once in a while the names of Strawinsky and Schoenberg and Debussy appear. But no valetudinarian need fear an unhappy half-hour. The work of theirs selected is certain to be uncharacteristic, and appropriate to the musical past from which they have consequently revolted. The composer of "Le sacre du printemps" is represented by the slight "Fireworks"; the composer of the "Five Pieces for Orchestra" by the dull and ridiculous "Pelleas und Melisanda"; the composer of "Iberia" by "L'après-midi," or a couple of the "Nocturnes" at the utmost. Strauss and Reger, it is true, are admitted. But that is only because they are belated representatives of a musical yesterday, rather than innovators of importance and freshness. Were they really modern they would be neglected, as Ravel and Scriabine and Magnard and the host of other modern composers are.

But if the directorship of the society scarcely takes the trouble to conceal its indifference toward the musical present, it is quite as frank in its shameful neglect of the best music produced during the past. The works of Beethoven's forerunners are played even less frequently than those of the masters of present-day France and Russia. The names of Mozart, Haydn and Bach appear perhaps once a year on the Philharmonic programs, those of Glück and Händel even less frequently. It is not that Mr. Stransky hasn't the time to work on a Mozart symphony or a Händel concerto-grosso. But there is Dvořák's eighteenth symphony that hasn't been played since 1887. And there are so many of Smetana's topographical excursions over Bohemia that are almost forgotten, so many of Liszt's tonal commentaries on paintings by Kaulbach growing dusty up in the library. And there is always the fourth symphony of Tchaikowsky. At the time the Philharmonic accepted the Pulitzer bequest, and agreed forevermore to perform Liszt, Wagner and Tchaikowsky plentifully, it seemed to many people that the society was permitting an opinionated publicist to force his personality on it. But it is scarcely credible that Mr. Pulitzer's stipulation seriously affected the society's policy. Even without it, the society would have remained identified with the musical eighteen-nineties. For the organization has not developed since that epoch.

Take, for instance, Mr. Stransky's programs for the Jubilee Festival Week. One would suppose that on such an occasion an organization would try to show a catholicity of taste, to make its programs representative of the whole field of European music. The four concerts that were supposed to cause rejoicing over the seventy-fifth birthday were as narrow in range as are the usual run of entertainments. Perhaps the one engaging feature of these concerts was the visit of the Bach Choir of Bethlehem, brought to New York, it is alleged, at the expense of Mr. Schwab. The rest of the music for the jubilee was not so happily chosen. Dvořák's

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perennial "New World Symphony," Tchaikowsky's "Theme and Variations, Op. 55," the "Faust Symphony" of Liszt, the "Centennial March" of Wagner, and Victor Herbert's "American Fantasy" were performed. Two of the programs are pompously described as "American-French Composers" and "American-French-Russian Composers," but the headings are little more than glosses on the birthplaces of the artists. For the ensuing selections are scarcely representative. For instance, France is symbolized by Paul Dukas and Camille Saint-Saens. Now, M. Dukas is a charming musician, brilliant and ingenious, but scarcely one of the first-rate Frenchmen. As for *le père* Saint-Saens, the only people who think his music representative of France are the people who love her not, and will have none of her music. Russia fares even worse. The land of Moussorgsky and Strawinsky is symbolized by the minor work of a second-rater. Really, when one compares these programs to those of Mr. Rothwell's concerts in Madison Square Garden last summer, it is the latter that seem the usual winter fare, Mr. Stransky's the summer "pops." As an expression of its musical faith, the program of the much-heralded jubilee Festival Week is a dreadful piece of self-indictment.

And yet, it is questionable whether a change of front would be of avail during the consulship of Stransky. For Mr. Stransky has little sympathy for Mozart and Haydn. One has but to hear him rattle off Mozart's delicate and infinitely wistful G-minor symphony to be assured of it. Mozart, in Mr. Stransky's eyes, is a superficial and mechanical fellow, after all. And he conducts his music as the work of such a one. Equally faulty are some of his versions of modern compositions, "L'après-midi," for instance. Mr. Stransky succeeded in enfeebling the pulses of Debussy's poem and dragging it to twice its customary length. One trembles before the thought of what he might do to "Daphnis et Chloe" or "Le sacre." No, it is better that while he remains the conductor he should wave his baton over the romanticists. This is the music that he loves. Give him anything with lots of tunes, broad climaxes in the style of Wagner and Tchaikowsky, a finale with the brass intoning a folk-song in harmony, and he becomes really stirring. It is only that these stirring moments occur a little rarely. Mr. Stransky gets a fine effect—a minute later, the spell is broken. The every-day has intruded once more. It is always perilously near in whatever Mr. Stransky does. One has the impression that music means much less to him than it does to a man like Dr. Muck. He never seems to have correlated the art with his life. And so his interpretations never seem to arise out of some profound experience. The music he performs seems a thing of little significance, an amusement, perhaps, never the rite, the high ceremony, that it should be. It remains curiously unsatisfactory. In only one thing is Mr. Stransky eminent—in drill. He has made of the orchestra a capital instrument, perhaps the best in the country. And if the society ever acquires a great and progressive conductor, Mr. Stransky's labors will not have been in vain.

For such a leader it waits. Whether he would be acceptable to the society, we do not know. Sometimes, we think not. But without him, at any rate, the Philharmonic will continue to decline into a vast machine for giving popular concerts. Other men, other orchestras, imbued with the prophetic fire and enthusiasm of its founders, will assume the position the Philharmonic has failed to maintain. No doubt the society will not expire, thanks to the Pulitzer bequest. But, unless a rebirth takes place, it will degenerate into a sort of musical museum, where Liszt, Tchaikowsky and the rest will be performed to the amusement of future generations.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

Massacre by Decree

HALF a million Armenians were killed by order of the Ottoman government within the year 1915-16. Most of the men were massacred. Most of the women starved to death; though some were herded into wooden sheds and burned, and others were sold at auction. Hundreds of children were tied together and drowned. The remainder of the Armenians under Turkish rule—another half million—are dying in the fever-marshes and deserts to which they have been deported.

These charges are made by Viscount Bryce in his report on "The Treatment of Armenians in 1915-16" They are too sweeping to be accepted without considering the basic evidence. Obviously one can not take, per se, the testimony of a native, who is inflamed by hatred of his hereditary oppressors, and prone to color his narrative with eastern exaggeration. Nor should too much weight be attached to the report of a woman missionary, perhaps influenced by religious prejudice, and made half hysterical by the stress of terrible circumstances. Scepticism must even tinge one's attitude toward witnesses of the Allied nations.

Much of the evidence in Lord Bryce's report falls into these groups. Equally much, however, can not so easily be discounted. A heavy balance of testimony comes from doctors, nurses, consuls, for-

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eign residents of proved neutrality, and, most significantly of all, from German eye-witnesses. It should be noted that there are cases corroborated by people who could not possibly have communicated with each other, and who yet tell the same story of certain events. The reports which one would most prefer to disbelieve are usually fortified by just such evidence. For that matter there have been few or no attempts at denial, although, as in the case of Belgium, attempts have been made to invent extenuating circumstances. But it is hard to explain away the killing of 600,000 civilians, by massacre, starvation, and torture, as incidental to protection against sniping, or as the inevitable casualties in a country at war. This explanation becomes especially difficult in the face of the fact that here there was no war. It was simply an organized extermination.

With really remarkable system—all the administrative genius of Turkey seems concentrated in its police department—the plan was carried out. In the eastern vilayets the whole Armenian population was put to the sword. In the northern part they were deported and then massacred on the road. In Cilicia they were deported and murdered by the indirect but equally certain means of starvation.

The procedure most generally followed was to take the men outside of the village and shoot them. The rest of the inhabitants were then escorted away by a guard of gendarmes to exile somewhere in the south. These convoys dwindled very quickly. The infirm and aged were bayoneted, and Kurds and Brigands made frequent attacks; attacks which were never prevented by the gendarmes. The women and girls often killed themselves rather than be violated, and mothers drowned their babies in preference to seeing them starve. In these ways the number of exiles soon decreased. Some details of their experiences are found in "A Memorandum of a Convoy" by a foreign resident:

> On the fifty-second day they arrived at another village, and here the Kurds took from them everything they had, even their shirts and drawers, so that for five days the whole convoy marched completely naked under the scorching sun. For several days they did not have a morsel of bread, nor even a drop of water. They were scorched to death by thirst. Hundreds upon hundreds fell dead on the way, their tongues turned to charcoal. . . . On the sixtieth day, when they reached Viran Shehr, only 300 exiles remained out of all the 18,000. On the sixty-fourth day the gendarmes gathered together all the men and the sick women and children and burned and killed them all. The remainder were ordered to continue on their way. . . . On the seventieth day, when they reached Aleppo, 35 women and children were left out of the 3,000 exiles from H. and 150 women and children altogether out of the whole convoy of 18,000.

From the zone where straight massacre was in favor a German eye-witness sends a report. He was in the city of Moush, and Moush was being efficiently destroyed by bombardment.

> We all had to take refuge in the cellar for fear of our orphanage catching fire. It was heartrending to hear the cries of the people and children who were being burned to death in their houses. But the soldiers took great delight in hearing this, and when people who were out in the street during the bombardment fell dead, the soldiers merely laughed at them.
>
> The survivors were sent to Ourfa (there were none left but sick women and children); I went to the Mutessarif and begged him to have mercy on the children at least, but in vain. He replied that the Armenian children must perish with their nation. All our people were taken from our hospital and orphanage. Under these atrocious circumstances Moush was burnt to the ground. Every officer boasted of the number he had personally massacred as his share in ridding Turkey of the Armenian race.
>
> We left for Harpout. Harpout has become the cemetery of the Armenians; from all directions they have been brought to Harpout to be buried. There they lie, and the dogs and vultures devour their bodies. In Harpout and Mezré the people have had to endure terrible tortures. They have had their eyebrows plucked out, their breasts cut off, their nails torn off; their torturers hew off their feet, or else hammer nails into them just as they do in shoeing horses. This is all done at night time, and in order that the screams and agony may not be heard soldiers are stationed round the prison, beating drums and blowing whistles.
>
> In Mezré a public brothel was erected for the Turks, and all the beautiful Armenian girls and women were placed there. At night the Turks were allowed free entrance.
>
> The people begged us to leave for Constantinople to obtain some security for them. On our way there we encountered only old women; no young women or girls were to be seen. . . . In a few villages destitute women come begging, naked and sick, for alms and protection. We are not allowed to give them anything, we are not allowed to take them in—in fact, we are forbidden to do anything for them, and they die outside. If only permission could be obtained from the authorities to help them!

The work of extermination seems to have been simplified by the nearness of any body of water. In Trebizond children were placed by hundreds on board ship and then capsized into the Black Sea; and every day the river Yel-Deyirmeni brought down to the sea a number of corpses, mutilated and absolutely naked, the women with their breasts cut off. The Euphrates was of especial service to the Ottoman government, as witness a report published in a German missionary journal (promptly confiscated by the German censor). Among other things this report conveys

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the information that for a whole month corpses were seen floating down the river. Certain prisons were filled every day, and emptied every night into the Euphrates.

Only one way remains of possibly protecting one's peace of mind from Lord Bryce's report, of rendering it a sad but negligible document; and that is by sanctioning "military necessity." The Ottoman government, reinforced by German apologists who could not deny the evidence corroborated by their own countrymen, took this one way. They explained that no measures were taken until after the spring of 1915. At this time, it was asserted, the Armenians near the Russian border revolted, and some joined the Russian army. "In the face of this," argues a German writer, "it was the Ottoman government's duty to uphold public law and order. In wartime, measures of this kind assume especially weighty character."

Unfortunately Bryce does not leave the premise on which to hang these comforting conclusions. With proof and counter-proof, reference and cross-reference, he shows that the Armenian persecutions began long before the spring of 1915.

The Turkish campaign of 1914 was a failure. The dream of swift territorial expansion vanished. As the next best thing the Young Turks of the government decided to "Ottomanize" Armenia, while Europe was safely preoccupied. The first measure was disarmament. Already in February, 1915, the search for weapons began. Sporadic massacres and outrages accompanied this inquisition for arms, especially in the vilayet of Van, near the Russian border. In the city of Van the alarmed Armenians refused to disarm and attempted a defense against the Turkish troops. This was the only shred of an excuse which the government had for considering the people "in revolt." It was admitted that the revolt was confined to the Armenians living near the Russian border, but the authorities at Constantinople declared that, in the present crisis, they could not be bothered with searching out among the large number of Armenians within the Turkish empire the comparatively few guilty ones and punishing them alone. Talaat Bey and Enver Pasha wept their regrets, but, "Alas," the former said, "those who are innocent to-day may be guilty to-morrow"; and, to protect Armenian innocence, one must suppose, they ordered the entire Armenian population systematically massacred or exiled.

How thoroughly the decree was carried out a certain traveler bears witness. He records what he saw on the shores of Lake Van:

> Several search parties had already buried the dead and cleared the ground; nevertheless, here and there I saw remains of human bodies, of men and women, under piles of stones or scattered about the roadside. I discovered decomposing and horribly disfigured bodies of children; and on the shores of the lake and the banks of streams were skeletons, pieces of clothing, bones of human beings and animals lying all around. The stench of putrefaction was simply sickening. The country from Igdir to Van had indeed been a slaughterhouse a few months before. Entire villages had been completely wiped out. Except for some casual travelers, not a single soul was to be seen —there were but vultures and howling dogs who fed upon the putrified human remains.

Sinister reports have come that Berlin abetted Constantinople. One would rather not believe this; hoping instead that those were isolated cases where German officers were found in command of Turkish troops, and receiving a share in the booty of women and treasure. One would also prefer to discredit the well founded statement that the governments of the Teutonic Allies did not so much as protest against the massacres. Humanity refuses to think that a civilized nation was even fractionally responsible for such desolation as that on the shores of Lake Van.

S. K. T.

CORRESPONDENCE

As to Joliet Prison

SIR: At Christmas time I went from Chicago to visit an inmate of Joliet prison. The cells are identical with those I saw at Sing Sing (in August, 1916), excepting that in approximately the same space two men bunk one above the other. The ventilation is equally bad, and the bucket system also prevails. But there was life and stir in the big courtyard at Sing Sing. The men there moved briskly about their business. At Joliet I saw men listlessly standing around, idle and vacant. The prisoners in the shops worked with the same stagnant apathy. I asked the deputy warden who conducted our party if the produce of the prisoners was sold to outside contractors, and if they received any percentage of the profits. "Not since 1911," he said, "when the law was passed against prison contract labor, and the men suffer in consequence. They haven't enough work to keep them busy, and they get to brooding."

A trusty unlocked for us the iron door of the courtyard which leads to the "cooler." The dumb face of this man, his unnatural eyes, and humble, quick movements suggested the well trained wild animal. One of the cells in the "cooler" was empty, and it was shown to us. The outer door of the cell is of thick masonry, which, I imagine, killed any sound from outside. The inner is a grill of iron. Our guide showed us how the inmates of these cells stand *during the working hours of the day,* chained upright to the iron bars of the door by means of handcuffs. Prisoners here are fed the usual solitary prison confinement fare of bread and water. There is a large sign of "Silence" on one of the walls, and while we were there we spoke in whispers.

I had not long to wait when we got back to the main

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building for the man I came especially to see. He was sentenced to life in prison at nineteen years of age for robbery and murder. He has been imprisoned now for nine years. He is keen-witted, resolute and plucky. "The conditions aren't so bad here," he said; "but it's having to do every day and every day what you are told to do—never what you want to." I asked him if he was in favor of the contract system of prison labor. "No. For then we are driven like slaves." When I asked him what he thought of Mr. Osborne's Welfare League he said he preferred the honor system now in practice at Joliet. "For if you do right you're rewarded, and if you don't you aren't, and that's fair." "But," I said, "wouldn't you rather appoint your judges among yourselves than be judged by the prison officials?" He went on to explain that in a great community like Joliet there exist innumerable cliques and separate societies, and that only the fellow that is "in right" with the strongest of these can get a fair deal. But I doubt if I had his full confidence on this subject, or any other concerning the prison régime. We spoke about the "cooler." He had only been in solitary confinement once, shortly after his prison term began. He was not able to finish his work in the shirt shop on time; and those were the days of contract labor. "I wasn't used to sewing-machines then," he said, with a little grin. "Oh, it wasn't so bad," he went on, "only they showed me standing there. They do that sometimes when the warden takes people around himself. The people that day came from my town. I held my head down, but they knew me, I guess. I minded that."

If this wholesale wreckage of good men proved an efficient deterrent to crime, then at least the sacrifice would not be in vain. Statistics, however, show an opposite result. To those who do not agree with me here, let me recommend Mr. Osborne's book, "Society and Prisons," page 82.

ELEANOR GIZYCKA.

Washington, D. C.

Everyone in His Place

SIR: I read Mr. Hackett's review of Mr. Eastman's "Understanding Germany," and noted the names he called him, though he came up smiling in the end. It occurred to me that nothing reveals the divergent views of *The Masses* and THE NEW REPUBLIC better than this—a book by the editor of the former reviewed by an editor of the latter.

From your point of view undoubtedly Mr. Eastman did patronize the war. Nothing is dearer to you than the present time, its causes, changes, and effects. And when something tremendous is happening like this war, with analysis of which you fill your pages, it is not to be wondered that you resent a belittling of it. I have a feeling that you know much more about the events of the war than does *The Masses* or Mr. Eastman.

But I believe also that *The Masses* knows more about or is certainly more interested in the causes and effects of all wars. It seems to me that Mr. Eastman chooses to use the European conflict as an illustration of his main thesis. Does he not choose to speculate upon a more or less utopian, more or less scientific, more or less to be desired rearrangement of things in general, and as a consequence, would it not be necessary for him to withdraw a little from the current events in which you are apparently absorbed? He is the evangelist; you the politician. His passion is for ridding the world of war; yours for deciding which group of belligerents is black and which is only gray.

Mr. Eastman calls the war "uninteresting," and you regard this as a pose. Like you, I fail to see how, having dwelt on this war through the pages of a whole book, he could honestly call it uninteresting. Perhaps the struggle is uninteresting to him when he thinks of a world without war; interesting to him when he thinks of it as it is. He has more than one mood, probably.

We all have. For my part, I like, sometimes, to lose my hope and mind in the tangle of passing affairs and their immediate unwinding. But I like just as often, if I can, to come out of that frenzy, to over-simplify, and dispassionately to follow up to the end a far scientific trail. In one state of mind I read THE NEW REPUBLIC; in the other *The Masses*. Sometimes there is the taste of one in the other.

RUTH PICKERING.

New York City.

Medical Candor

SIR: In the belief that many of your readers take a serious interest in the subject of birth control, I hope to be allowed a little space in your columns relative to this subject and the attitude taken towards it by the Medical Society of the County of New York at its last stated meeting on Dec. 26th.

The Society had been asked to render an opinion on the medical aspects of birth control, and to state whether it approved of an amendment to the existing penal law which makes it a punishable crime against decency for *any one* to assist at or instruct in the methods of abortion or contraception—the two acts being placed as equal crimes. From this ban there is just *one* exception, note it well, which permits a physician to interrupt pregnancy when he fears for his patient's life should she be permitted to go to term.

To answer these questions there was appointed by the Society a committee of nine who reported as a majority of six and a minority of three, who were granted their request to embody in a report the grounds of their dissent.

The majority declared against any change in the existing law, saying that in their opinion the exception in favor of physicians granted all the protection a doctor could require. The gentleman who read the report added that a doctor could give contraceptive advice without being brought to trial for it, and if by any possibility he were tried, he would never be convicted by a jury. He proposed, in short, to rely on the popular sense of justice to free himself and his colleagues from the law that they were unwilling publicly to pronounce unjust.

This attitude was, if possible, more startlingly outlined by a later and extemporaneous supporter of the majority, who exhorted the members of the Society to keep from the floor of that honorable body discussions of a subject such as contraception or, if they personally favored the idea, to advocate it elsewhere among their friends, but not at a public meeting of the Society. This, if you please, in answer to a request for the Society's medical opinion on the subject, anticipating, doubtless, the well weighed decision of the foremost doctors of the county. Was the public satisfied to hear that: "There is only one sort of morals for us and that's good morals,"—and again—"We must uphold the laws of nature against man's meddling; we all know them—'Thou shalt not kill—Thou shalt not commit

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adultery—Thou shalt not——?'"—but fortunately the third "natural" law was not distinctly recalled and the hiatus became a full stop.

Against argument, or perhaps we had better say sentiment, of this sort, what logic could prevail? Obviously not that of the minority of three who had resolved to be recorded as dissenters. Yet they did their best. They did what the Society had been asked to do, but had not done through its majority report, they considered the medical aspects of contraception. And considering them they concluded that as perhaps the most applicable and effective contraceptive measure was universally advocated as good therapeusis in very many pelvic disorders, they declined, without evidence, to believe it harmful when used to prevent conception. Next they mentioned the list of maladies whose presence admittedly demands the interruption of an intercurrent pregnancy, arguing that earlier contraceptive measures would be better therapeusis and at least as sound medical morality. The sociological and economic plea for moderate restriction of family in the lower classes was brought forward, and an appeal made to face the fact that among all sufficiently intelligent people some attempt at birth control *is* made. Would it not, asked the bold minority, be better to legalize a demand so popular as to be evidenced by a nearly universal line of conduct and allow intelligent men and women to limit their offspring as they will, and the physician so to advise, as he often must, with the sanction of the law rather than without it?

No attempt worthy of mention was made to refute these arguments. A vote was demanded and showed 210 against and 72 for the alteration of the present law. Once more the physician has wrapped himself in conservatism as with a cloak of dignity and has lagged behind the march of progress.

L. F. Rainsford, M.D.

Rye, New York.

A Resurrected Cardinal

SIR: Not even Mr. H. G. Wells can afford to be inaccurate, even if the gods nod occasionally. Even if nothing of the force of his indictment is lost yet something of his own prestige is deflected by his deplorable reference to Cardinal Vaughan as "in mental energy, vigor of expression, richness of thought and variety of information, fully the equal of even such an influential lay publicist as Mr. Horatio Bottomley." No one "in the know" would have accused Mr. Wells with even a bowing acquaintance with "the leading divines, of both the Anglican and Catholic Communions," or of any communion, or to have dipped very deeply into the waters of Catholic or Anglican contemporary literature, but surely it is not asking too much to suppose that Mr. Wells should know that Cardinal Vaughan has lain for almost ten years in the crypt of Westminster Cathedral. The context of Mr. Wells's paper would lead any one to suppose the Cardinal was still ruling the See of Westminster. Again, as the late Cardinal's published writings were confined to introductions and prefaces to religious books by other men, with a single book of piety on the priesthood, to his own credit, one is left to gasp at the vigor of expression, the richness of thought and variety of information so lavishly and unwarrantably credited to him by his belated champion. Even the well known Jesuit publicist and preacher, Father Bernard Vaughan, could scarcely with comfort fill out the high-blown mental vesture Mr. Wells has designed for his Catholic divine. Mr. Wells will have to see more than Mr. Britling "through," if such lapses are not to beget disquieting questions as to his fitness for his new rôle of patron of religion.

Richard W. Clark.

Orange, New Jersey.

Russian Liberals Want More War?

SIR: In discussing the present prospects for peace, the press seems strangely silent regarding the situation in Russia. The New Republic dismisses that country with the remark that "public opinion in all the chief belligerent countries except, perhaps, Russia, is slowly adjusting itself to peace." But why so casually dismiss what Russia wants? She alone stands the chance of winning something of paramount importance. If this great, lovable people could wrest from the war a constitutional government, popular education, freedom of speech, it would mean more for European civilization than reparation to Belgium, more even than "the crushing of Prussian militarism." Peace to-day, Gerald Morgan shows us, would please Russia's reactionaries, since they desire neither victory nor defeat in this war, fearing in victory the triumph of democratic ideas, in defeat, a revolution. Those, therefore, who believe that there is ever any justification in warfare, should at least seriously consider Russia's fear of peace to-day.

For whenever peace comes, the Russian people can expect no help in their struggle for democracy from their allies. They know the long history of their revolution, and they must remember that when the war with Japan was ended and their government was bankrupt, they might have won their freedom had not democratic England and republican France shut them again in prison. Diplomacy and money gave the Czar and the bureaucracy full power to destroy the democratic movement. Thus France and England have helped to send one hundred thousand political offenders annually to Russian prisons and to Siberia. The Russian democrat knows that while his allies will shout themselves hoarse over Prussian atrocities, they are supporting Russian barbarities with their pocketbooks.

If out of the sacrifice of this war the next generation sees an educated, self-governing Russia, Europe may be brought nearer peace than by any league to enforce it. Those who know Russia well believe that she holds no menace save that of a corrupt, diabolically cruel despotism. Why, then, are we not focussing our attention on her internal affairs. England doles us out our news. It is natural that her own affairs seem to her of supreme importance. But some of us are more concerned with the growth of democracy in a youthful nation than with the struggle of a seasoned empire to maintain its supremacy.

Mary White Ovington.

New York City.

Guardian of Sanity

SIR: The article on "Ghosts" in the issue of January 13th is a morbid and, in my opinion, dangerous bit of fancy. It ought to exclude that issue from the State Hospitals, where 200,000 insane are incarcerated, if not from the households from which the 75,000 who are to be committed during the coming year are still peaceful members.

The editor is, above others, his brother's keeper, the guardian of the reader's sanity.

Bayard Holmes, M.D.

Chicago, Illinois.

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Books and Things

HAS any Ibsen play altered more than "The Wild Duck," which has lately been given in German at the Irving Place Theatre?

Recollect, if you are old enough, the late eighties, when stray copies of a German translation began to find their way about the United States. In those early days the American readers of Ibsen were not many, and each of them felt himself more or less bound to see furthest into the stoniest wall. Most of us could not see into "The Wild Duck," no matter how hard we tried. Our failure left us dejected and rather indignant. We took to calling the play incomprehensible, intricately and dimly symbolic, a blend of vagueness and sneers. Perhaps Ibsen only wrote it to annoy?

A small minority, which declined to be baffled, had an idea. Look, they said, at Ibsen's last three plays. In "Ghosts" he had told truths his public could not endure to hear. In "An Enemy of the People," written when very angry and in half his customary time, he had assailed the public and glorified truth and the truth-teller. Now, in "The Wild Duck," he had chosen to make a return upon himself by exhibiting the truth-teller as a fool, a dupe, a wrecker of lives. Thus the new play, being conceived in reaction against the teaching of "An Enemy of the People," was naturally incoherent with the body of Ibsen's doctrine and an exception to the Ibsen rule. It was Ibsen's satire upon Ibsenism.

For a few years, to the best of my recollection, this explanation slowly gained ground. Then, in the early nineties, came Shaw, first in this as in so many other fields, and formulated that more general Ibsen rule to which "The Wild Duck" was not an exception at all. The play was just one more onslaught upon the kind of idealism that Ibsen had attacked again and again. It had puzzled people only because they were unprepared for the lesson in such a new form. They had been amazed and bewildered when they saw a truth-teller sitting among the mischievous idealists. They had mistakenly assumed that Ibsen counted truth-telling as an absolute virtue, good in your own house, in your neighbor's house, and about your neighbor's wife. Some persons are ready for the truth and others are not. Gregers Werle, trying to force his variety of idealism upon a family nowise fitted to receive it, destroys their happiness at the same time that he destroys their belief in their life-lie. The meaning of the play is expressed by one of the minor characters, a Dr. Relling, whose function is to rescue shipwrecked folk by throwing life-lies to them and hauling them ashore to self-respect.

How could anybody ever have been blind to the truth of this explanation? A question which "The Wild Duck" forces upon us in 1917. Why did we have to wait for Shaw's help? At the Irving Place the other day—one of the best performances I have seen there and one of the best Ibsen performances I have seen anywhere—the play explained its own meaning. In no play has Ibsen made his intentions clearer. He has scattered brightly lit signs all over the later acts, and each sign says unmistakably either "This way to the catastrophe" or "Here you have a superb view of the meaning of the play."

About 1890 we thought the wild duck itself a most remarkable bird, a mystery, a dark symbol that flashed fitfully. At the Irving Place the symbolism doesn't seem even intricate. It is elaborate, if you like, but its clearness is painstaking. Yes, I can understand how such a fool as Gregers might tell Hjalmar he was like the wild duck, how anybody might see a likeness to the wounded wild duck in Hedwig, how Plutarch might have written parallel lives of the wild duck and old Ekdal. But one no longer needs to have these resemblances insisted on. A hint would be enough at this late day. Instead of hinting, Ibsen insists and insists upon his symbol until he has turned it into a commodious allegory, which loses all mystery after he has shown us round it a few times.

Nevertheless, "The Wild Duck" is still what we first thought it, one of the strangest of Ibsen's plays. But with a difference. Those things in it which once appeared strange because we found them obscure have grown all too clear, so that it is the emphasis upon them, the space they take up, their importance to Ibsen himself, which now seem strange to our misdirected attention. For our attention is still fixed on what used to puzzle us, so that we see too plainly, through Ibsen's representations of human destinies and human nature, the bare mechanism of his demonstration and the abstract triumph of his Q. E. D.

Perhaps we should not feel this so keenly if the characters here were not so simple and so readily comprehended, and if all except Gregers did not live so near the earth. This nearness to earth is responsible, too, for one's feeling that symbolism must be forever an alien outsider among human beings such as these. No air can be too heavily charged with symbols for Ulric Brendel or the Rat-Wife to breathe it comfortably, but symbols and Gina Ekdal belong in different universes. Woe, however, to any producer who tries to diminish the symbolism by effacing the wild duck itself. You cannot treat Ibsen so. His work is too organic. We must hear all about the wild duck if we are to understand Hedwig's emotional life—where one of her childish treasures is, and part of her childlike heart. One of the most touching children in the world, and she touches us by the simplest means. She does not know that she is going blind. The sources of her joys are few, even with the wild duck to comfort her and with her mother's love to eat like daily bread. She owes her most tremulous hopes and all her deep disappointments to her father, whose self-love does not think of her but follows its own law, making promises to her and forgetting them, drawing her to him and pushing her away.

Her father's self-love—if Hjalmar be her father—is warm and rich and genial. It is poured out in an abundant stream. No tributary is too small to make it overflow. It magnifies everything it reflects. But for Gregers Werle it would have gone on endlessly and untroubled. Hjalmar is one of the great comic self-deceivers.

The many emotional discords of the play come from the juxtaposition of Hjalmar, whom we laugh at, and Hedwig, who breaks our hearts. Here the closeness of laughter and tears, instead of being the bland mixture of these ingredients that we are used to, is bitter in our mouths, as Ibsen meant it to be. After Hedwig has shot herself, and her mother and father are carrying away her dead body, it is the drunken Molvik who says: "The maid is not dead, but sleepeth." There one hears the loudest of the discords Ibsen meant us to listen to. Nobody else has written a tragic-comedy which resists so successfully every effort to separate the comic elements from the tragic.

Solness and Rebecca West and Borkman, who are sacrificed in other plays, are set above ordinary human beings by intellectual or imaginative force. What is sacrificed in "The Wild Duck" is as common as the faith of a child. And nothing is saved. Everything is in ruins, except Hjalmar's self-love.

P. L.

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The Evangelist of Mid-Europe

Central Europe, by Frederick Naumann. Translated by Christabel Meredith. To be published about February 10th in New York by Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

"IT was in April that I conceived the plan of this book," says Naumann. "At that time fighting was still going on in the Carpathians. Our sons and sons-in-law were defending Hungary and Austria. . . ." The April he refers to is the April of almost two years past. At the Marne and again at Ypres the offensive against Britain and France had failed, and liberal Germans like Naumann thought and felt in the shadow of that defeat. Whatever his exultation may have been during the march towards Paris, it is perfectly clear that by the time the war was nine months old Naumann had concluded that Britain and Russia were unconquerable. The two things which impressed him most were the blockade of Central Europe and the weakness of Austria-Hungary. The problem he asked himself was not how would Germany conquer the world, but how Germany could survive as a great Power. He had figured up the resources of what he calls the world groups. He saw that Britain, Russia, America were all unfriendly, all richer and more populous, all potentially greater than Germany. At present, he wrote, we Germans of the Empire can make more out of little than any one of the other three; our technique is better, our pace is swifter. But they will learn. Their wealth and numbers will engulf us, for our territory is small and not overrich. And being a patriot the prospect worried him.

This was bad enough, but worse was possible. Suppose that after this war, Germany and the Dual Monarchy should allow economic interests and racial vanity to divide them, suppose the Magyars go one way and the Czechs another, and the ironmasters of Austria quarrel with their stronger competitors in Germany, suppose the old Prussian nobility should feel itself a very exclusive tribe, and Protestant Germans wish to stand off Catholic Austria. Suppose everybody in Central Europe struts about on his vested rights, his traditional privileges, his national arrogance; then, thought Naumann, where shall we be amidst superstates like Britain and Russia and America and all their satellites? No matter what Germany's enemies may have been frightened into believing about its military power, the fact was evident enough to Naumann that the present superiority is a passing phase. He knew that intrinsically a German is not braver or more efficient than his enemies, that defects of organization can be remedied, that in the end (he was thinking in historical periods) the greater mass of men and material will count. Germany alone will become a second-rate Power. Either it will be brushed aside, or if it demands a voice it will be crushed. The encirclement will be more dreadful than ever.

But if Germany and Austria-Hungary together could form a Mid-European state, and some of the surrounding neutrals were attracted to it, then a world group would exist which could share as an equal with Russia, America and the British Empire in the supreme government of the globe. By supreme government Naumann meant just what any imperialist means—prestige, trade rights, the division of backward territories. He had the usual desire to be the citizen of a state which plays a magnificent rôle in world politics. He wished to be of those who make the big decisions, not of those for whom they are made. He believed in great nations. He was convinced that trench warfare had made the small nation indefensible except as part of a permanent coalition, that capitalism grown protectionist had made the small state economically helpless. He did not wish Germany to be a relatively small nation. Unless Mid-Europe were created this is what Germany would become, and Austria would disintegrate.

So Middle Europe must be created. "We have sat together in the war's economic prison, we have fought together, we are determined to live together!" At least, Naumann hopes they are determined to live together, and his book is a fervid appeal that they should live together. What so many outside Middle Europe have regarded as an accomplished fact, this very able German publicist regards merely as a hopeful possibility amidst terrible necessity. It is the only real gain he expects from the war. To be sure, he is deliberately vague about Antwerp, Poland, the Balkans, and Turkey in deference to the censorship, but it is clear that he regards an extension of frontiers as entirely a secondary question. Bulgaria is barely mentioned, and there is nothing about Hamburg-Bagdad. For him the essence of Middle Europe is the union of Germany and Austria-Hungary. He hopes, to be sure, that such a union would accrete some of the smaller neighboring states, but he appears to rely not on conquest, but on the centripetal power of the central mass.

Evidently experience has taught him that union will be no easy matter. He is only a little less worried than Englishmen are to-day as to whether the existing alliance will hold when the compression of war is relaxed. For him Mid-Europe is something that could be made by the generation which has suffered the same blockade and fought on the same battlefields. He is by no means certain it will be made. He is certain it will take a long time and prove to be a perplexing task, and his book is really a long pamphlet summoning the people of Middle Europe to union. It is argumentative, amiable, painfully tactful, shrewd, sentimental. It is skilful journalism, wheedling, exhorting, threatening, appealing to pride, to vanity, to historical tradition, to economic interest, to fear, to ambition. The scientific discussion is surrounded with the most ingenious effort to smooth out difficulties, overcome objections, allay suspicion. It is a summons in which political science is used to strengthen the appeal. But the motif of the book is the impulse of Mid-European unity, a rather fragile impulse, it seems, which needs much stimulation, if it is to survive. Naumann's real effort is to establish the idea, rather than to solve the problem. For the sake of the idea he argues that the problem is not insoluble.

Yet because he was writing for a very critical audience who know the realities of Mid-European politics, he was compelled to consider the immense difficulties of uniting two proud and somewhat competitive empires. His method is to name the difficulty—say, for example, the touchy nationalism of the Magyars, their fierce particularism and their economic selfishness. Having named it, he argues as persuasively as he can that coöperation would benefit all. Then he seems to hesitate. He knows that he is dealing with men who cannot see reason, who have little goodwill, and no grasp whatever of his dominating idea. Then he plays his trump card. He reminds them of Russia or of the British blockade and passes on. Wherever he feels that a special group, say a religious sect, a national cult or an industry has to be convinced, he begins with the spiritual claim, turns to concrete argument, and ends by parading the bogies of Russian numbers and British sea power.

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> "Take a map and see what lies between the Vistula and the Vosges mountains and what extends from Galicia to Lake Constance! You must think of these stretches of country as a unity, as a brotherhood of many members, as a defensive alliance, as a single economic district! All the traditional separatism of these lands must be so effaced in the stress of the Great War as to make the idea of union tolerable. This is the demand of the hour, the task of these months. History speaks to us of it in the thunder of the guns, but it rests with us whether or no we listen."

History always speaks, of course, as the pamphleteer wishes it to speak. In this case it speaks as naturally of Barbarossa and Bismarck as it speaks to the Republican party of Lincoln and Washington. History also speaks of '71, and the unity born of that war. It explains away all inconvenient utterances of Bismarck's, and there are many of them. It shows that the seeds of Mid-Europe always existed in the womb of time—"For centuries the Empire of the Carolingians, the Ottos and the Hohenstaufen has been non-existent, and will be so until it is born again out of the union between the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns, between the Frisians and the Illyrians, between the Prussians and the Tyrolese." . . . And then in the peroration of Chapter II: "Come hither, ye learned counsel of our historical Muse, ye interpreters of the developing fate of nations, open your minds to the search, so frequently obscured, into the genesis of Mid-Europe!"

I am certain that I do no injustice to Naumann in laying so much emphasis upon the idea rather than the machinery of Mid-Europe. As he himself says, Central Europe is still little more than a geographical expression; until it becomes an object of patriotism the new political organism cannot be created. People must want Mid-Europe before they can make it. When they want it the obstacles will melt away. Naumann, though a trained economist and a politician, was a Lutheran pastor who began his career as an evangelist of the "Innere Mission." He appears in this book as the evangelist of Mid-Europe. History is his Bible, Bismarck his prophet, Russia and the blockade his hell.

Because of this the book is not to be taken as a scientific estimate of the possibilities and meaning of Mid-Europe. It is pure propaganda. But because the evangelism is highly skilful, Naumann takes good care to seem objective. He mentions all the difficulties of religion, language, race, the economic conflicts, the bureaucratic interests, the temperamental antipathies, the military problems. But, with one exception, he avoids any attempt at a solution of the issues. He does deal rather specifically with tariff and trust questions. All the rest he bathes in his own optimism and then leaves them unanswered. He is too clever to risk breaking up the idea of Mid-Europe by any commitment which might touch off historic complexes. He knows, for instance, that if he says that the Slavs in Hungary should have this-and-that, Magyar nerves will revolt. So he names the question, and assures the reader that all must be for the best.

Even the question of a joint diplomacy is left vague. There are still to be two foreign offices, though they are to coöperate. The armies are to be coördinated, but he avoids saying how. Education, the suffrage, political institutions are to be left to the separate states, though he pleads for unofficial or semi-official congresses of Mid-Europe on scientific, labor, and school questions. Obviously what he would like is a unified political state, but he does not dare to propose it. Being a sophisticated student of politics, he knows that it is not necessary to propose it. If economic and military union can be achieved the rest will follow in time. The military union will come of itself, because of the weakness of Austria. For the economic union he feels free to argue earnestly, I imagine, because the mood of war submerges economic motives and because the blockade has already done so much to wipe out localism. Just as the Magyars are the greatest obstacle to political union, so they represent also the most refractory economic interest which must be overcome. Naumann discusses the need for improved agriculture in Hungary and argues that if a third more could be produced Mid-Europe would be thereby assured of an independent food supply—German and Hungarian interests are here in the closest agreement. "I picture to myself the future Austria and German imperial corn-store as being in Budapest." Whether this is practicable or not I do not know, that it is clever from Naumann's point of view there can be no doubt. It is a bribe for union to the Magyars and an overwhelming argument for hungry Mid-Europe.

The blockade is Naumann's strongest weapon. Shortage of raw materials enables him to plead for a Mid-European storage system. "We have sat together in the economic prison," is the refrain, "together we will break the chains and go hand in hand into the fresh air again. . . . We must set up a Central European War Provision office as a center from which all the store places shall be established and filled. . . . Thus the beginning of a joint economic system will grow up almost of itself and of necessity, out of the joint defensive system. . . . Its chief supporters must be the Ministers of War on both sides."

A joint economic system raises immediately a list of dangerous tariff questions. Naumann does not believe that free trade is possible now within Mid-Europe. There must first be equalization of conditions, that is of efficiency, railroad rates, taxation, and currency. A customs partnership by itself would not work. It would destroy some Austrian industries and would hurt many German. It is not feasible, for example, while the trade between Hungary and Germany is at the mercy of Austrian railroad officials. Germany cannot give the Dual Monarchy preference without endangering its "most favored nation" clauses with the outside world, and while Germany is the chief foreign market of Austria-Hungary, the reverse is not true. Naumann's conclusion is that economic partnership must be less than free trade, and more than mere economic competition. What he proposes, therefore, is a very complicated tariff structure, consisting in part of free trade, in part of "maintenance duties," in part of "preservation duties." The distinctions appear to be chiefly political; those industries which have influence are to receive protection, the others are to be "remolded" over a period of time. What these concealed preferences will do to the world's commercial structure is something that we shall all be worrying about at the conclusion of the war. As in British imperial preference, the seeds of international debate are here.

It appears, however, that Naumann hopes to avoid many of the difficulties of the tariff by a very interesting economic device. Instead of quarreling endlessly about duties which divide competitors in Mid-Europe, he advocates the formation of Mid-European syndicates of trusts under official patronage. These syndicates are to be supernational, they are to establish storage systems of raw materials under government supervision, they are to divide the markets among their constituents, and weaker partners are to be

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favored by a system of taxation within the trusts. They are to be established by a system of "syndicate treaties," of which the central point "will be the Mid-European iron syndicate, through which, with the coöperation of the state governments concerned, the position of the Austrian and Hungarian iron industries, hitherto assured to them through tariffs and state protection, will be guaranteed in the form of zones determined by cartels. What is thought of as the intermediate customs duty between the two countries will become the tax paid to the cartel, and the cartel as a whole will pay the state government." Out of these taxes, chiefly, Naumann hopes to finance the war debts and "indemnities." If ever necessity were the mother of invention here is a case. The blockade has given an impulse to Mid-European unity which liberals like Naumann are able to turn to the creation of a genuinely supernational economic system. Hunger, shortage, storage, trusts, war finance, defence, and then political union are integrated by him around the motive supplied by the isolation of Central Europe. New social and economic structures are possible because the people will listen to anything which promises safety and security.

Naumann himself of course shares this feeling, but mixed with it are at least two other powerful motives, the desire to create a great state which can count in the world, and a genuine fraternal feeling for the ally of Germany. He is by temperament a man who likes magnitude and unity. The Mid-Europe he pleads for would, of course, be led by Germany. Naumann is clear enough about that. But he knows too that it cannot be led by what he himself describes as hard Prussian methods. In that diversity there must be liberalism if union is to follow. The war makes him cautious about his countrymen's pride, but the implication is certain that he regards union under German leadership as impossible if the pace is forced and if special groups are not carefully conciliated. He is himself a kindly evangelist.

The lesson for those of us who are, I think, justly suspicious of the Mid-European project is fairly evident. Its most powerful support is external pressure. The more Central Europe is isolated and boycotted the easier will it be to create Mid-Europe. The more a policy of encirclement survives the less liberal will it be. Fear and danger will create the unity under "Prussian" forms, for Austria-Hungary would have no choice but to submit. But if the settlement of the war is moderate, if there is a lowering of German military prestige before the war ends, if the peace that follows is one of rapprochement with the west, especially with British sea power, then Mid-Europe can only be created by persuasion—that is, by liberalism which makes drastic concession to the conglomerate interests of the Dual Monarchy. A Mid-Europe of that kind might represent another step in the political unification of the world.

W. L.

After the Deluge

Memories, by Edward Clodd. New York: J. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.

TO judge a man by his occupation is to disregard his personal quality. In some ways it is relevant that for over fifty years Mr. Edward Clodd was employed by the London Joint Stock Bank, taking up the drudgery of bank clerk in 1862 without any particular prospect or backing. But if one guesses from this stability and fidelity in employment that Mr. Clodd was a "banker," the kind of lawn-mowing, Sunday School superintending, pompous, shirt-fronted lackey of other people's money that the secretaryship of a bank might imply, it is as great a mistake as it would be to think that a poet is a person who must necessarily be untidy. With temperament, in the sense of a fine organism, Mr. Clodd was highly equipped, and he became a banker without forfeiting his liveliness of spirit or his thirst for experience. Few bankers do it, it is true. The majority of them become jalousied and jaundiced, sicklied o'er with the pale cast of gold. But Mr. Clodd belied his name and his situation. He remained a free spirit.

In 1859, he reminds us, Darwin's book was published, so also Kirchoff's and Bunsen's "Spectrum Analysis," so also "Adam Bede" and "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." "It was good, and, more than that, it was a glorious thing to be alive. It was an epoch not of Reform, but of Revolution: old things were passing away; all things were becoming new." The spirit of that revolution, the revolution against intellectual mortmain, was in Mr. Clodd's blood. He was plastic at a time when a book like Meredith's "Feverel" could still be suspect. "Mudie's 'select' library would not circulate it, and all the parsons banned it in the parish book clubs as immoral." Huxley and Bishop Wilberforce were dwelling at that time "on the question of man's fundamental relationship to the great apes." A little later came Colenso's "Critical Examination of the Pentateuch" and Seeley's "Ecce Homo," the latter attributed to the Archbishop of York, Napoleon the Third, Tennyson, George Eliot, and the Master of Trinity; and denounced by the Earl of Shaftesbury as

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"the most pestilential volume ever vomited from the jaws of hell." The description of Christ as "a young man of promise, popular with those who knew him and appearing to enjoy the Divine favour," was calculated by the author of "Ecce Homo" to make churchly people angry, but for men like Mr. Clodd it was Huxley's lectures, and Tylor's "Primitive Culture," that ended belief in the Bible and prepared the way for the abandonment of theism. Mr. Clodd's memories are strongly tinged with the emotions of that epoch. He cannot but speak as a veteran of that truly civil war.

What should a man teach his children? Having early written his "Childhood of the World" to meet that problem, Mr. Clodd found himself sympathetically addressed by Grant Allen, all the way from Allen's college in Jamaica. About that time Mr. Clodd met W. K. Clifford and through him Huxley. At Clifford's he used to meet Leslie Stephen, Romanes, Cotter Morison, York Powell, Mark Pattison, Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Lynn Linton. To Huxley he went later on to "tall teas" on Sunday, Huxley having written him a charming generous letter about "Jesus of Nazareth," another of Mr. Clodd's books. Mr. Clodd's circle enlarged with each new development of his scientific interests and each new contribution on his own part to the elucidation of science. At the Folk Lore Society he met Mary Kingsley, whose spicy letters are one of the delights of these memories. At the Geographical Society he met Edward Whymper, and later Whymper came to his house with Grant Allen, York Powell and several others and told them the story of the tragedy of the Matterhorn. "The grim, tightly drawn face, the set lips, the metallic voice" gave point to that account of a descent on which the cutting of a rope cost four lives. At the Savile, especially on Saturday afternoons, he ran across Hardy, Gosse, Kipling, Andrew Lang, Cotter Morison, while to the Century, which he joined in 1877, Samuel Butler, Bagehot, Admiral Maxse belonged. "Butler was of the *genus irritabile;* hence, too apt to resent adverse criticism." "He nursed the delusion that every man of science if he defended Darwin was in conspiracy against himself and this made that freedom which is the charm of intercourse very difficult." Butler is one of the few men of distinction whom Mr. Clodd found difficult. But if he deplores Butler's attitude toward Darwin he vigorously resents Bernard Shaw's. Shaw called Darwin a "pigeon-fancier." Much more slighting remarks about the Creator found considerable favor in Mr. Clodd's circle, but any slur appeared dreadful when applied to Darwin. This "sciolist" Shaw, rejoices Mr. Clodd, "gets a well-deserved trouncing in Richard Whiting's 'My Harvest'."

It is easy enough to have a wide acquaintance among men of distinction. "The interest in such matters lies not in whom you met, but in what manner of man he was, and in what he said." Such real interest abounds in these recollections. Mr. Clodd's jokes are not always new, and his portraits are often rather sketchy and thin, but as "fireside talk" about a departing generation his book is highly varied, widely sympathetic and genuinely pleasant. Those who take the "Scarlet Thingummybob" seriously may not share Mr. Clodd's preferences, but few will be still enraged over these battles of long ago. *Punch* cartooned Huxley as £. S. D. Huxley. This arouses no more passion to-day than Huxley's letter to Robert Ingersoll: "Gladstone's attack on you is one of the best things he has written. I do not think there is more than 50 per cent more verbiage than necessary, nor any sentence with more than two meanings." It is only occasionally, as in Mr. Clodd's mild lamentation about Sir Oliver Lodge's spiritualism, that the issue has the air of being at all vigorously alive.

Herbert Spencer appears in due solemnity, turning on his ear-stoppers because of some frivolous conversation at lunch. A letter to Grant Allen about his bad habit of bolting food illustrates Herbert Spencer's humane didacticism better than any description. "It is clear that you must improve your mastication. . . . If I had to teach children I should give them, among other things, a lesson on the importance of mastication, and should illustrate it by taking a small iron nail and weighing against it some pinches of iron filings till the two balanced. Then, putting them into two glasses, pouring into each a quantity of dilute sulphuric acid, leaving them to stir the two from time to time, and showing them that whereas the iron filings quickly dissolve, the dissolving of the nail would be a business of something like a week. This would impress on them the importance of reducing food to small fragments. . . . Excuse me for saying that if you do not masticate you do not deserve to be well."

George Gissing was one of Mr. Clodd's friends and admirers. A number of his letters are included. They recall with much poignancy the hardships from which a little money would have saved that sensitive and pitifully unfortunate man. In 1902 Gissing writes as only a book-lover could: "It has always been one of my ambitions to read Don Quixote in the original, and now, by the grace of heaven, I am able to do so—indeed, I draw towards the end of this glorious book. The translations give one but a maimed idea of Cervantes. For one thing, they (or nearly all) omit a good deal of matter deemed untranslatable; and then, only the Elizabethan Shelton came anything near a worthy rendering of the style. Oh, it is a noble work! It has done me solid good—even physical good, I believe, by way of mental animation." In the same letter he says, "Have you read the volume Joseph Conrad has just published, 'Youth and two other Stories'? . . . I think him a *great* writer—there's no other word. And, when one considers his personal history, the English of his books is something like a miracle. Do, do read the new volume, if you have not yet done so, and, if you agree with me, talk about it to every man or woman capable of understanding good things."

"Don Quixote" is not the only book that is vividly recommended in these pages. St. Augustine's "City of God" is infectiously praised, and Lyall's "Asiatic Studies" and Cotter Morison's "Saint Bernard of Clairvaux." There are also several tributes to Gibbon and admiration for Professor Bury on the way he enriched and illuminated Gibbon's text.

One of Mr. Clodd's best friends was George Meredith. While Meredith did not take part in the formal evolutionary movement or share much in the particular interests that linked Mr. Clodd with du Chaillu or Sir John Rhys or Moncure D. Conway or Holman Hunt, they were freethinkers and literary friends together, and Meredith enjoyed teasing his friend Clodd in his own rather elaborate way. Cotter Morison was dear to them both, and there is a suggestive note about his end: "On the first of March, 1888, a day so bleak that a tent was pitched over the grave to protect the mourners, Morison was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. Among the sparse company, which included Lord Morley, was George Meredith, who took me, after the ceremony, to lunch at the Garrick Club. He talked of the mockery of the Burial Service which had been read in full over the remains of a

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man who lived and died an unbeliever, and whose last book was a trenchant attack on Christianity. And he said that if we did not give directions to the contrary, words, all unmeaning to those who die outside the Christian pale, will be spoken at our graveside. These directions he himself omitted to give."

Except for some references to his work and for the short autobiographical chapter, Mr. Clodd devotes all his memories to his friends. His own photograph, even, is not included. One feels all the more his genuineness and value and enjoys all the more his brave and charming reminiscence.

Constitutional

Woman's Suffrage by Constitutional Amendment, by Henry St. George Tucker. Starr Lectures Delivered at Yale University. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.35.

THIS is a singularly futile performance. For although Mr. Tucker pretends not to question or affirm the merits of woman suffrage as such, the bias is clearly enough indicated in his discussion of the analogy between the proposed Susan B. Anthony amendment and the Fifteenth Amendment. Suffragists make a grave mistake, according to Mr. Tucker, in stressing comparison between the two. After all, the Fifteenth Amendment is a poor precedent. It has worked viciously, and in many southern states is for all practical purposes consistently violated. Of course Mr. Tucker's implication is fairly clear—something similar may happen if three-fourths of the states "coerce" the minority on the woman suffrage issue. Because Illinois and Colorado have given women the vote, shall the farmers' wives of New Hampshire have the vote "forced" on them? Have the one-fourth minority states no rights? In Mr. Tucker's opinion, all good Americans will arise to repell any such unwarranted attack on the sacred principle of local liberty.

The protective legal netting with which Mr. Tucker surrounds his secret but ill-concealed animosity towards woman suffrage is a tremendous solicitude for that fine flower of American political genius—local self-government. He is lost in admiration at the system of "checks and balances" formulated by the Constitution, whereby local affairs are locally determined—nation, state, county, magisterial district, ward of the city in descending hierarchy—and the point of greatest influence for the voter in the governmental scheme is just the point where the government touches him most intimately. That is, his vote counts more where it is a question of voting on whether there shall be a saloon on the corner, whether his street shall be newly paved, whether his dog shall have to be muzzled or not, than where it is a question of national tariff or the President. "No more efficient or beautiful system of government has ever been devised than this," Mr. Tucker intones. Its relation to the question of woman suffrage by constitutional amendment is obvious. Being a citizen of the United States unquestionably does not involve the right of voting—that is a right, granted and conditioned by the several states. The power to grant that most intimate of all rights properly exists with them. Naturally, then, Mr. Tucker regards the attempt to institute woman suffrage by constitutional amendment as an "awful example" of the attempt to break

Our Written Purposes

"And therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know"
—Antony and Cleopatra.

Mark Twain, once a printer himself, advised his friend, William Dean Howells, against choosing a printer for a hero. "Better not," he said. "People will not understand him. Printing is something every village has in it, but it is always a sort of mystery."

If there is uncertainty in lay minds as to printers, how inscrutable to them are the duties of publishers! Questions in regard to the Yale University Press have revealed such a general ignorance of its aims that it may not be amiss to explain the purpose of its foundation. In fact, university presses are so new in America and fulfil such different purposes where they have been established, that an explanation may be interesting even to the initiated who know what publishing is.

Briefly, the Yale University Press was founded:

To provide an adequate medium for publishing notable books which tend to advance American scholarship in all its fields, and thus to spread "Light and Truth" beyond the walls of the University.

To bring into prominence writers whose names would otherwise be known to but few, thereby aiding young scholars to secure recognition and promotion.

To be alert to the opportunity and duty of publishing volumes by writers in other institutions and in other countries. It is not from accident, but from design, that the list of authors represented by Yale University Press publications includes men from three continents and from over one hundred universities.

To publish only such works as shall reflect credit on the University whose name it bears. To this end, every manuscript to be published under its imprint must receive the approval of a Committee composed of officers and members of the University.

To be scrupulously careful to follow the very best traditions of printing and book-binding, making only books which may serve as a standard.

Expressed in terms of books, its purpose is to publish such a work as that which Hon. James Bryce referred to as "one of the most important constitutional records in the whole history of the United States."[1]

To make it possible for such men as William Ernest Hocking (since appointed to a professorship in philosophy at Harvard University) to issue his first book.[2]

To publish "the most minute and careful military work which has yet been given to the country."[3]

[1] THE RECORDS OF THE FEDERAL CONVENTION OF 1787. Edited by Max Farrand. *4 volumes. $15.00 net per set, postpaid.*

[2] THE MEANING OF GOD IN HUMAN EXPERIENCE. By William Ernest Hocking.
(The *Hibbert Journal* described it as "sustained and convincing eloquence of thought—not enthusiastic, but simply vast and strong and careless, because sure.") (*Third printing.*) *$3.00 net, postpaid.*

[3] THE CAMPAIGN OF CHANCELLORSVILLE. A Strategic and Tactical Study. By Major John Bigelow. *47 maps. $10.00 net, postpaid.*

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down the equilibrium between state and federal governments, the attempt to abrogate a power, which in terms of the older political economy was called "inherent" in them.

Legally, Mr. Tucker's discussion is an extremely able one. But the final impression is of a false fore-shortening of the whole issue. He writes with the reactionary accent of one who is trying to vivify the emotions which still cling in a faded aura about a phrase that has lost eight-tenths of its connection with reality—in this case, local self-government. There is no honest analysis of the increase in the functions of the federal government, nor is the question ever raised as to whether or not the general qualifications for voting might not more effectively be lodged in the national rather than the state government. An adverse decision on a arguable point not raised is quietly assumed. For instance, if voting on the question of dog licenses is an "intimate" local act, how about the votes which affect the commission on pure foods and drugs? What we eat, which is certainly vivid and immediate enough, is to some extent determined by the federal government.

From a pragmatic point of view, the question of constitutional amendment is a perfect example of an academic question. The plain fact is that by the time three-fourths of the states are willing to give a majority for such a federal amendment, probably four-fourths will already have granted the suffrage locally, or at least will be on the point of doing so. A quarter of the states rebellious against the balance on such a measure is an unreal conflict.

At all events, is it worth while writing a book about a remote and improbable battle just for the sake of expressing a private resentment against woman suffrage?

H. S.

Contributors

to this issue

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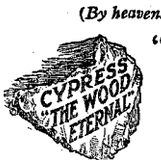

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